THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. 59. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879. $2.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 5.

THE TRESS OF HAIR.

BY M. W. P.

A single strand of golden hair,
How comes it here upon my shoulder?
Blown from the head of lady fair—
Where did I meet or last behold her?
I'm certain that she must be young.
And pretty? Yes! But then I wonder
What pain it was her heart that wrung,
And made her tear her locks asunder.

"Only a woman's hair," wrote Swift,
Form words so tender and so bitter,
In each light breath to sway and drift,
And in each passing ray to glitter.
Slight tendrils of most sacred vines—
Oh, think upon it, ye who bind them,
These little threads, these slender lines,
Will drag the whole wide world behind them.

It isn't yours, O lady mine
Down from the wall serenely gazing,
While in my heart "that look of thine"
The ghost of buried hope is raising.
There may be one would prize this hair
As I the locks from those soft lashes;
There may be one. I can't tell where,
And so—I'll throw it in the ashes.

Hearts or Coronets.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "THE CURSE OF CARRGWYN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"MAX, your tea is waiting. I thought you were in a hurry?"

But Max never answered. He was leaning against the window, more than half hidden in the pretty cretonne curtains, looking out with an apparently absorbed gaze.

At what? Dolly was curious. There was not usually much to look at in the quiet little street, nor was the active hard-worked young Doctor much given to loitering and dreaming as a rule. Yet the tea for which he had asked, saying that he had only ten minutes in which to drink it, was growing cold. What was keeping Max at the window?

Dolly walked across the room to see. She came up softly behind her brother and peeped over his shoulder, between the branches of the lime trees which made a screen between the Doctor's house and the street. Dolly looked across to where the lawyer's large square white dwelling dominated over the rest of the village; and standing in front of this imposing edifice Dolly saw a pretty low victoria, with a pair of cream colored cobs, perfectly matched, and gay in their silver mounted harness and red tasselled fly nets. A dapper groom stood at the horses' head; a lady sat on the driving seat, holding the reins—a young lady of a noble beauty and a stately grace, a fair splendid creature, one of nature's queens, as Dolly, gazing, thought, born to rule over the hearts and lives of men. Her small hands, encased in thick gauntlet gloves, held the reins as if they had been a royal sceptre; her beautiful head carried the simple black hat, tied over with a gray driving veil, as if it had been a jewelled diadem.

"Lady Barbara!" exclaimed Dolly. "Lord Mountjoy is at Clavering again then—for Easter, I suppose."

As she spoke the door of the lawyer's house opened, and a tall white haired gentleman, bearing himself erectly, came out and down the pretentious flight of stone steps, attended, with obsequious deference, by Mr. Everett himself. The lady in the carriage acknowledged the lawyer's low obeisance by the slightest possible inclination of her proud head; the gentleman seated himself beside her, moving slowly and, as it seemed painfully, but declining Mr. Everett's assistance; the groom gave the ponies their head, and the equipage dashed away with a clatter and a stir which woke the sleepy little street.

"Lord Mountjoy looks ill, and so old!" spoke Dolly then.

Max turned with a long sigh and met Dolly's eyes. His own looked as eyes look which have been gazing at the sun.

"How late it is!" he exclaimed, drawing out his watch—"and I ought to be half way to Gurton by this time."

He said it half reproachfully, as if it were Dolly's fault; perhaps he thought it was; but then he looked dazed still.

"Your tea, Max—you never drank it!" cried Dolly, following him out into the hall with her pretty china cup and her square of carefully-buttered toast.

He swallowed the tea hastily, then he drew on his gloves, caught up his riding-whip, and was gone with only a nod to Dolly.

She went back to the daintily-spread tea-table, and looked at it with a pout of disappointment, because Max had enjoyed her preparations so niggardly. It was always a little festival for her when Max could make his comings and goings fit in so as to give her a few minutes of his company over her four o'clock tea table. She did not like him to fast from his early breakfast—he so often missed the luncheon hour—to his late and uncertain dinner, when he would sometimes be too fagged with the long riding and long fasting to eat at all.

"Dear old Max!" soliloquized Dolly, as she sipped her tea and broke her freshly-baked rice biscuit. "Well, he might have worked harder still in a London practice; and I don't believe he would have been any happier."

Yet that "London practice" was a sore point with Dolly; it rankled in spite of her brave efforts. Ever and again it would rise to the surface incontinently; fame and fortune for Max had been so nearly missed.

For, when Max Peveril was summoned to Chagford, now some years back, to take up a family practice suddenly left to him, he was carrying all triumphantly before him in London. "One of our most rising young surgeons—sure to make his mark in the profession," Sir Lomax Field had pronounced him. And the great man had even taken the trouble to write all this, and a strong protest against the suicidal measure of Max's throwing up all his prospects "at the front" for the obscure sphere of a country village.

"Go down to the country and be lost, just at the turning point of your career! Why, it is madness, sir—positive insanity!" Sir Lomax affirmed, and two or three other medical magnates echoed it.

And perhaps only Dolly, in all the world, understood the heroism which was not madness, but simple acceptance of plain duty, when Max turned his back on fame and fortune, and bravely faced the humble routine of poor pay and hard work, in obedience to the cherished desire of his widowed mother, and to ensure her what she valued more than the most brilliant prospects—the home she loved amongst the quiet scenes and surroundings of her youth and middle age.

Sir Lomax was not exactly offended at the decision of his *protege*, but he was a busy man, and the current of life swept on too rapidly for him to pause for more than an instant over the fate of even the most rising young fellow of his day. It swept on, and swept poor Max out of the road, and almost out of the thoughts of the great chief. And he, worthy fellow, went away, not to eat his heart or grow reckless with disappointed hopes, but nobly and patiently to take up the life laid out for him.

And now his mother was dead, having lived long enough, poor soul, to ruin his fortunes.

And now it was too late; Max's fate was fixed. The world, which went on so fast, had closed up behind him. What was the use of bemoaning or of going over the whole story again as Dolly did, whilst she rinsed her two china cups—too delicate to be trusted to the fingers of her little country handmaiden, and put them away in the neat pantry at the end of the passage? Dolly smothered down the pain of the retrospect, carried her little low chair and her art needlework out through the open drawing-room window, and, sitting down on the grass under the sweet-scented lilac-blooms, fell a-dreaming her favorite day dream—of Max and his fortunes.

It was just a day and a scene for dreaming. The whole garden stood white and dainty in a summer snow of blossom; the air was full of sweet scents and happy flutterings—of spring sweetness and spring rejoicing. Above Dolly's head tender green leaves nestled softly together; the thrush sang amongst the lilac clusters; the guelder rose tossed its white round balls merrily in the breeze, and the laburnum dropped in a shower, golden as the shower of Danae, golden as Dolly's dreams.

This was what Dolly dreamed.

The great chief up in London had sent for Max, reminded of him by some splendid surgical case which, under Max's skilful treatment, had won a triumphant notice in *The Probe*. Max's name and the great man's were linked together now; they were quoted in company. Max's skill was in every mouth, no longer the obscure country practitioner, but the great surgeon—Sir Max Peveril!

Dolly's dream took another shape. Max's skill had saved some lady, rich and influential, young and lovable; and she had rewarded him with her love and hand. "As she might well do," Dolly thought, with a toss of her pretty head and a straightening of her little figure, for was not her noble Max worthy of the best among them? Had not he his pedigree, country surgeon though he was—his pedigree of laudworthy family deeds, of stern, sterling honesty and truth? "True as a Peveril" was one of the proverbs of the country side. And was not that a patent of nobility? thought proud little Dolly. And who could be better than her Max, with his manly figure, his clear tender blue eyes—eyes which could make any woman love him, Dolly thought—with the courteous chivalry, the brave strength, the beautiful tenderness, of a knight of old? Dolly had always pictured her Bayards and Lohengrins like Max. Never, from his childhood, had she known him rough to the weak or ungentle to the poor. Surely he was fit to mate with the noblest and the best in all the land.

What had set Dolly dreaming, especially of all this, that afternoon? Was it the lilacs and the spring blossoms which whispered so of hope and of a fresh beginning of life? She wondered a little to herself as she shook the pale fragrant petals off her lap and rose to go in, her wavy hair all besprinkled with the dropped white stars of the guelder-roses, to see that the dinner-table was properly laid for Max, for Dolly prided herself on her good housewifery.

"Dolly," said Max that evening, over his soup, "I saw Sir Lomax's name in the county paper to day. He has been down to Overton for a consultation."

"Oh, Max," gasped Dolly, "what if you—oh, Max, if it had only been your patient!"

"Yes" said Max—and as he spoke he put up his hand to shade his face—"if he had seen me again, it might have been the beginning of a new era—who knows? But you see, my practice does not lie amongst the class who can afford to bring Sir Lomax down. We must put it with the 'just misseds' of life, Dolly."

He spoke cheerfully; but all the same the ghost of a sigh came wafted across to where Dolly sat, struggling with her foolish tears, as she called them.

"Max," she said presently, "couldn't you—haven't you ever thought of writing to him?"

"No, I could not do it," Max decided at once, as if, keen sighted Dolly thought, and thought truly, the question had already been mooted in his own mind and decreed against. "No—impossible," he added presently. "I have passed out of his range long since. If chance, or my luck, or—what shall we call it, Dolly?—if I had been brought before him in such a case as that at Overton, it might have led to something; but, after all that has been said and done, I could not force myself on him. No, I must jog on in the old fashion. After all, I ought to be glad; you know hundreds of young fellows would give their ears for my chance. To be able to step into an established practice at once, without any bother or waiting, is something not to be despised."

"No, when one isn't fit for anything better," Dolly answered.

"Better?" he repeated after her, questioningly and musingly. "Somebody must do 'the common round,' Dolly."

"I wish it wasn't you," she said.

"Yes," he assented, with a laugh—"I wish it wasn't; there's no use in pretending anything else, Dolly; but, as it is—Come into the garden; my work is done for to-day. How sweet it is!" And he stooped to kiss the upturned face looking so wistfully into his. "And how happy we are together, Dolly! It is worse than foolish to wish for anything more."

What "more" had he been wishing for? Had they both been dreaming dreams that afternoon, he as well as Dolly?

CHAPTER II.

DOLLY was sitting in her garden, making one of the details of a charming pre-Raphaelite picture, her picturesque little figure graceful and dainty as a Dresden shepherdess, in her freshly looped, chintz patterned skirts and tiny lace cap, her small feet set amongst the flowers, a canopy of blossoms over her head, her quick fingers busied as usual with delicate needlework, and a volume of poems laid open across her knee.

A low green fence divided the garden from the orchard, where the white blossomed trees stood and shimmered, like a company of fair brides, each ankle deep in rich lush grasses. And, on the other side, in the garden wall, a green door, set a little way open, let in a rich glimpse of golden light from where the sun shone on a field of yellow buttercups beyond. Dolly sat and sewed, murmuring her sweet verses the while, and a blackbird came and perched on the guelder rose bush and sang with her for company. It was a warm afternoon, late in May—a still afternoon, when not a leaf stirred, and the world seemed to be silent from excess of delight in its own loveliness. Suddenly through the sweet calm came the high, clear notes of a voice close at hand, although the speaker was as yet invisible.

"Here is a bench just inside this garden. Rest here for a few minutes, papa. We can make our excuses to the inhabitants, if we see them."

There was a murmured protest from a masculine voice, and then the door in the wall was pushed open, and Lord Mountjoy, leaning on the arm of his daughter, crossed the lawn to where a green bench was set under the shade of the trees. They did not see Dolly until they turned to seat themselves; then Lady Barbara gave a start of surprise, and the old nobleman lifted his hat in courteous apology.

"How rude you must think us!" said Lady Barbara, coming towards Dolly. "But we saw the door open, and your bench looked so tempting. My father is tired with the heat; we have come strolling through the meadows farther than we intended. If you will allow us to rest a few minutes, we shall be so much obliged."

Lady Barbara spoke with a pretty humility which sat gracefully on her stateliness, and her eyes said what she was saying to herself—

"What a charming picture! What a Paradise, and what an Eve! I had no idea we had such a discovery to make so near us."

Dolly had risen in her first surprise, and her large dark eyes, from under their level brows, looked with equal admiration back at the fair stately beauty.

"Pray rest as long as you wish," said she; "it is quiet and shady here."

"It is charming," declared Lady Barbara with enthusiasm. "I had no idea there was such a pretty spot in Overton. Is it your taste which has made this little nook so lovely?"

"No, not mine," said Dolly; "Max planned it all, long ago—my brother Max."

"Ah! M——?" returned Lady Barbara, with a well-bred note of interrogation at the end of her long-drawn pause of hesitation.

"Max Peveril—the Doctor," said Dolly, as she offered Lady Barbara a handful of lilies of the valley from a bed near her.

"Thanks; they are delicious. How luxuriantly they grow!" returned Lady Barbara,

accepting the gift. "We have none so fine at Clavering."

Then Lord Mountjoy joined in the conversation; and presently Dolly and her little handmaid brought out the afternoon tea-table and the rare little china cups, each one a gem to a collector, which had been handed down from Dolly's great great-grandmother, and the company drank tea out there amongst the lilies and laburnums, and "enjoyed it immensely," Lady Barbara declared.

"There is nothing like an impromptu pleasure for enjoyment," said she, as she took her leave, a messenger having been despatched to Clavering for the carriage, "and our little picnic is more delightful for being unpremeditated. I am going to ask you, Miss Peveril, to do me another kindness. Will you teach me that embroidery stitch?"

"Certainly," answered Dolly.

"You will find me a very stupid pupil;" said Lady Barbara; "I warn you beforehand. I am only just taking to feminine pursuits, and they come awkwardly to me. My education was neglected in that way, I believe; or perhaps papa made me his companion so early that most of my leisure time was given to riding and driving or walking with him. Now that he is not so strong as he used to be and spends so much of his days indoors, I begin to feel the want of employment for my fingers. Not that I hope ever to attain to such perfection as this"—taking up the square of dark blue cloth on which Dolly was weaving her delicate sprays of white hawthorn blossom and green leaves—"this is real art."

"Very pretty, indeed—charming," murmured Lord Mountjoy, with his eyes fixed on Dolly's picturesque little figure and arched eyebrows.

"Then when will it be convenient to you to give me the first lesson?" asked Lady Barbara. "To-morrow afternoon may I send the carriage for you? And we will have a return pic-nic in the box tree walk at Clavering."

"Yes, to-morrow, but please do not send the carriage. I can walk—I would rather, indeed," protested Dolly, shy of the smart grooms and of all the imposing state of tinkling bells and silver fineries in which Lady Barbara was accustomed to go forth.

"Well, just as you please," said Lady Barbara; "but come early, if," she added with a smile so winning that Dolly could not have resisted it had she felt inclined, "I may venture to ask for so much of your time. I have one or two pretty things in the way of old tapestry to show you at Clavering; they will be interesting to you, perhaps."

"Thanks," returned Dolly, simply. She was shy still, but there was a fascination about Lady Barbara which carried her away.

"A very pretty little person!" Lord Mountjoy pronounced of Dolly as soon as she was out of hearing.

"Charming!" exclaimed his daughter. "Pretty and refined and original, and living in such a delightful little nest! I am delighted to have found her out. Clavering is such a howling wilderness in the way of eligible acquaintance. If I can only persuade her to be companionable."

"There will be no difficulty about that, I should say."

"I don't know," said Lord Mountjoy's daughter; "she is shy and proud, and——"

"Proud—to you?"

"Yes, to me. If I mistake not, she is of the kind who would be proud just to me. I wonder what the brother the Doctor is like? Have you ever met with him? I have an idea he would be a disapointment after the sister," Lady Barbara said, musingly. "The mankind in these cases generally come far behind the other sex. The odd thing to me is that, living so near, I should never have seen that sweet little girl before. It is a face and a *tout ensemble* which I should certainly neither have forgotten nor passed by."

"Yes, it is odd," Lord Mountjoy assented. "She is very young; probably she has been away at school."

"Yes, that must be it; she lives alone with her brother, she says. Can't we look up the brother, papa—get Saunders to send for him for one of the servants, or something?"

"But Saunders has always called in Lewis. It would never do to throw him over," said Lord Mountjoy, who was strictly Conservative.

"No, I suppose not. But I should like to bring the young man forward a little, for the sake of his sister," answered Barbara.

Poor Max, to be "brought forward" by being sent for to prescribe for the Clavering servants' hall.

Lady Barbara was unconscious of any irony. She was so used to the autocratic supremacy of Clavering that it never struck her that a small country practitioner might have ambitions above the physicking of her domestics. And even on this preferment Lord Mountjoy put his solemn veto.

"My dear Bab," he said, "we can't put a blight on Lewis; it is quite out of the question."

"Yes, I suppose it is. Well, I must think of some other way," concluded Lady Barbara.

"And in the meantime," suggested her father, "it would be well to ascertain if the young man is worthy of your patronage. You forget that you know nothing about him personally. The family is a respectable one enough. I have heard there was an old man some years ago of the name of Peveril, a Whig—probably the father of this man. I believe I did hear something about a son," he added, indifferently, for a "Whig" family did not much interest Lord Mountjoy.

But Dolly interested Lady Barbara—interested her immensely—more than any one she had met with for a long time. And Lady Barbara had just come to a point in her life when she wanted a new interest and a new experience—when all the old round was beginning to pall, and all things to seem "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The life of Clavering was dull, too, now that Lord Mountjoy could neither ride nor hunt as he had been used to do; and Lady Barbara, an only child, with neither mother nor sister, craved something, she hardly knew what. It was not love, she decided; that had been offered her, and refused more times than she could count. Lady Barbara never intended to leave her father—so she said—and her heart was, at twenty-two, quite untouched by any other love.

"Why should I marry?" she would say in answer to the remonstrances of her friends. "It would break papa's heart, and mine too, for any third person to come between us. We are father and daughter, brother and sister, everything in the world to each other. Do you think I would give up all this for a mere husband? And what husband? Why, there is not a young man in the whole generation who can be compared with papa! The race has deteriorated; the golden youth of the period is a pigmy after my giant. I will have none of him!"

"But the future?" some zealous and prudent friend would suggest. "Lord Mountjoy cannot live forever."

"Hush!" Lady Barbara would reply, with tears in her eyes, and her lip trembling. "I hope we shall die together, and, if not, do you think that any husband could console me for having left him to die alone?"

She was impracticable. Sometimes Lord Mountjoy, urged to his duty by the arguments of anxious relatives, attempted a feeble remonstrance.

"Everything goes with me, Bab," he would say, "and you, my darling, will not have what the poorest gentleman can leave his child—the home in which you were born. I should like to see you safe and well provided for before I go. That is to say," he added, with a sigh and a smile, "I suppose I ought to feel all this; they tell me so."

"And, in reality, all you do feel is that you are glad to have me with you, and don't want to part from me—isn't it so, papa? Well, don't let us pretend any more, then. You have done your duty, dear; now let us be happy."

And Lady Barbara had her own way.

And now Lord Mountjoy's health was failing fast, and his daughter was shutting her eyes to the terrible truth, and clinging closer and closer to him, as if to keep at bay the dread shadow which threatened to divide them after all.

Lord Mountjoy seemed so feeble, and Lady Barbara is so beautifully devoted to him; she anticipates everything he wants, and is ready to help him before he moves. It is touching to see her with him," said Dolly, as she met her brother in the hall, all in a flutter with her great news.

Max turned to hang up his driving coat, and said nothing.

"Oh, Max, how lively she is—with such a grand kind of beauty—like a princess! And she is so sweet with it, so womanly and good. If she were a queen, her subjects would be proud to die for her," said enthusiastic Dolly, looking round for Max's response.

But Max was gone.

Dolly prattled on all through dinner about the afternoon surprise, about Lady Barbara's beauty, and of all the incidents of the little adventure.

"Max, you are quite provoking!" she exclaimed at last. "You are not in the least interested. I am sure you would have been as fascinated as I was, if you had seen her as I did, and spoken to her."

"Heaven forbid!" said Max, under his breath, and then he yawned demonstratively; and poor Dolly looked snubbed.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day was rainy, with little April storm bursts, which shook the blossoms from the trees and left in their place a thousand sparkling jewels, glittering like diamonds in the quickly recurring sunshine.

When Dolly came, bright and rosy, to keep her appointment, she found Lady Barbara cosily installed in a corner of the long oak panelled corridor, hung with the portraits of dead and gone Mountjoys and Claverings, and looking out, through rows of latticed windows, on to the century old oak trees and beeches of the park, and over a wide expanse of country beyond. In Lady Barbara's corner the polished floor was spread with tiger and bear rugs, and the window-seats were furnished with crimson velvet cushions, which gave a rich spot of coloring out of the sombre shadows.

"It is so good of you to come, notwithstanding the rain," said Lady Barbara, coming to meet her. "It is too wet for our pic-nic, so I have taken the opportunity of introducing you to another of my favorite haunts. This is what I used to call my 'parlor' when I was a little girl. I delight in the somber solemnity of this gallery, and in the view from these windows. It is the finest we have. I generally spend the rainy summer days here; and when I am tired of work or of reading I can range up and down the gallery for exercise. I want a good deal of space when I am shut up. I feel like a caged lion. What will you do? Will you sit still and rest after your walk, or will you look at the pictures?"—seeing that Dolly's eyes were fixed on the walls.

"How like this is to you!" said Dolly, pausing before a framed beauty hanging just over Lady Barbara's work-table.

"Yes, so I am told," returned Lady Barbara. "Papa does not like to see the resemblance. That was a degenerate daughter of our house, who fell in love with a man beneath her in rank. Her father shut her up in a convent, and her brothers, detecting the presumptuous lover in an attempt to carry her off, put him to death beneath her window. She went mad, and was brought home to die; and of course tradition says that the ghost haunts the park, where she used to meet her low-born swain, in the twilight."

"Poor thing!" murmured Dolly, looking at the beautiful haughty face, and wondering as she looked.

"Yes," said Lady Barbara, "I suppose one only feels the pathos of the unhappy love-story at this distance of time, and the romance carries us away. But, if we had lived at the time, our sympathies would have been with the family."

"But—they loved each other," hesitated Dolly.

"*Noblesse oblige*," returned Lady Barbara. "Death is better than disgrace."

"Not other people's death," said Dolly.

"Oh, yes—a dozen deaths—in those times when life was so cheap, you know—than that a noble man should be dragged down to the dust! But nobody need have died, after all. Lady Gladys could have retired to her convent, and her lover could have gone to the wars, and both would have done their duty."

"And wasted their happiness," said Dolly.

"Honor is better than happiness," rejoined Lady Barbara.

"I don't know—in that sense," hesitated Dolly. "You and I look on things from such a different point of view, I suppose, Lady Barbara. I have no great family tradition to uphold—at least, not of the same kind," she corrected herself. "I can afford——" She stopped short with the sudden remembrance that what she would say would hardly be courteous, perhaps.

"You can afford to have a heart and to be happy," Lady Barbara finished for her, putting her two hands on Dolly's shoulders, and looking down smilingly into the flushed earnest little face. "Well, I may come to your point of view yet. I don't know; I hardly think so. But at least I can appreciate it. Now let us go and look at my tapestry. Papa is busy with his steward, and we have all the afternoon to ourselves, until he comes home at five o'clock for tea. Here is another ancestor with a story."

She pressed Dolly's little hand under her arm, and they wandered through the long galleries and stately rooms, Lady Barbara telling the story of each old picture and relic, and Dolly listening in a strange sort of delicious dream, as if the dear old romances she loved had all come true, and fairyland was a reality.

"And our afternoon has slipped away, and I have not learned my stitch after all!" Lady Barbara exclaimed as they came back to her "parlor" and found Lord Mountjoy seated before the tea table, waiting patiently for them. "You see, papa, I can't be womanly, even when I set out for it. Miss Peveril and I have been employed in rousing up the ghosts of our ancestors, and the occupation seems much more congenial to me than sewing and stitching. The Lady Gladyses and Lady Eleanores of the past have used up all the Clavering talent in that line. And yet I am half envious when I see what Miss Peveril and others can do. Will you give me another trial?"—to Dolly. "Come again, and we will sit out under the trees, amongst the flowers, as you do at home, and see if the inspiration will come to me there."

So it happened that, on one pretext or another, Lady Barbara and Dolly were, after that evening, constantly together. Dolly's taste, Dolly's ingenuity, Dolly's own bright company, were continually in requisition at Clavering, where even Lord Mountjoy was ready to welcome the "pretty little person" for her own sake, as well as for Lady Barbara's; or two or three times a week Lady Barbara would come walking across the meadows and in at the green garden door, surprising Dolly at some of her household tasks, or sitting with her in the garden, when those tasks were done, idling whilst Dolly worked, or reading aloud some new poem and tale which she had brought with her.

Dolly, and Dolly's way of life, so charming in their refined simplicity, so self sufficing and independent, and yet so sweet and tender in the one absorbing devotion which pervaded them, quite fascinated Lady Barbara, who found in this last phase a certain sympathy with her own history.

And yet all this time Lady Barbara and Max had never met. It was odd, and Lady Barbara thought so more than once when Dolly, who was ever ready to talk of her invisible hero, was discoursing of his virtues and perfections.

"It is as well," Lady Barbara decided; "she believes in her knight so entirely that one is tempted to believe in him too, and the illusion is graceful. A nearer view would be sure to demolish the pretty idyll. Still, if I can advance the young man's interests, for his sister's sake I will not forget him."

Dolly, too, wondered at the untoward chances which seemed against Max's ever walking in upon her and Lady Barbara's *tete a-tetes* and regretted that the pleasure of her new friendship should be all her own—the only thing in all her life which she had not shared with Max, and therefore, to faithful Dolly, incomplete.

And only Max knew how the meeting, which seemed so probable—even unavoidable—never came about. But Fate was stronger than the strongest resolutions of Max, and the meeting was destined to come about, and in a manner as startling as it was unexpected. One afternoon that Max's way home led him by the park gates of Clavering, he saw the cream colored cobs just turning out, and paused on the brow of the hill, with the instinct of avoidance which always seized him in view of the aristocratic equipage. He could see from where he halted that the horses were fresh from the stable—the two previous days had been wet—and that Lord Mountjoy was driving, whilst Lady Barbara sat by his side. Max Peveril noticed this particularly, because the arrangement was unusual. Lady Barbara having of late almost invariably taken the reins. Max rode on slowly, to give the Clavering party time to pass beyond his reach, or perhaps to diverge into one of the cross-roads, which met at the sign post below the hill. But things were against the Doctor that afternoon; the carriage held on the straight road—Max's road—and Max followed at a safe distance the trail of the low victoria. He was not so far behind but that he could see how the cobs tossed their light, well combed manes—could see Lady Barbara's gray veil floating on the wind too, as she leant back with her face turned to her father, as if in conversation with him.

A little further on the straight white road traversed the railway line by a level crossing guarded by white gates. Presently Max, following still, saw something which made him hasten his laggard pace, and put his good steed to its utmost powers.

This was what Max saw—a swift black railway train gliding with silent and, it seemed to Max, sickening facility towards the point at which the straight road crossed the railway line.

Max had not yet descended the hill, and his view-point was wider than that of the Claverings, who could not have seen the approaching train.

And, even as Max looked, the undulating black line disappeared into a tunnel, to emerge, as the young Doctor knew, in a proximity to the cobs which would—whatever the other risks might be—prove exceedingly hazardous to them in their present excited state.

Max measured distances and chances as he urged his horse desperately onwards, guiding him to the soft grass at the side of the road, to dull the sound of his advancing hoofs.

But Max had lagged too far behind. Notwithstanding all his speed the catastrophe he dreaded had happened ere he could warn Lord Mountjoy. The train rushed with a wild shriek out of the mouth of the tunnel; Lady Barbara's cobs stood still for an instant, every hair bristling, then dashed off, mad with terror, straight ahead.

Straight ahead was the railway line, with the gates standing wide open, and on each side the road was barred by thick close hedges.

Max was alongside now, unnoticed by the rest. In another moment he would be foremost in the mad race. As he dashed onwards the young man's quickened senses took in every detail of the scene—the stupefied terror of the gatekeeper as he stood, staring vacantly from the carriage to the express train; the mad venture of the groom, as he hung for a moment over the back of his seat, then dropped, a motionless mass, on the road; the white face and calm action of Lady Barbara, as she took the reins from her father's trembling hands; the shrinking of the old man as he covered his face and fell back.

Max noted all these. He noted too how Lady Barbara sat like a queen at that supreme and terrible crisis—erect, composed, in the very face of death, trying with all her strength to hold back the frantic animals, knowing that her strength was all unequal to the task, and believing that nothing but a miracle could save them. Through the hoarse roar of the advancing train, through

the wild beating of his own pulses, some words which Max had heard lately were ringing in his ears—"a queen for whom her subjects would be proud to die."

A crash, as if the globe had exploded into atoms; a wild *melee* of shrieks and confusing sounds; a nightmare sensation of struggling with some desperate adversary; then a sudden silence, swallowing up all—this was afterwards Lady Barbara's description of the few seconds during which she and those with her passed from death to life. Max's rescue was complete.

The deep dead silence rustled softly into sound again—the sound of waving branches and fluttering leaves, of the sweet whisper of the summer wind. Lady Barbara opened her eyes. She was lying on a green bank, beneath a network of interlacing boughs; a strange face was bending over her, a face full of grave concern—of something else too, which her overshadowed senses failed to define, but which dropped like soothing balm upon them.

'Try to swallow this. Stay—let me lift your head. Now take it."

The voice was deep and sweet, but it was a strange voice—perhaps it was part of Lady Barbara's dream—for this strange feeling must be a dream—the tone was quietly calm with a certain authority in it, which was pleasant to her in her subdued, quiescent condition. She closed her eyes as she felt her head laid gently back again, and gave herself up to the novel sensation of being taken out of her own hands and disposed of without her own concurrence. She must be very weak or—or something—to be so submissive. A little languid wonder stirred her dormant mind first of all; then, as thought strengthened, a vague alarm disturbed the pleasant sense of rest.

"What—what has happened?" she exclaimed, fixing her eyes upon Max.

Even when she spoke it all came back to her with a horror she had not felt in the excitement of the crisis.

'Papa!" she gasped, starting suddenly up. "Papa!"

"Lord Mountjoy is not injured. You ——"

"Papa, where is he?" she insisted. "What have you done with him?"—turning upon Max with a quick suspicion, never heeding his question.

"I will bring him to you if you will sit down. You are not able to walk," Max answered, with that same assumption of one who was to be obeyed which had already impressed Lady Barbara.

She sat down again—her head was giddy and her limbs were trembling—and watched him anxiously as he disappeared into the gatekeeper's cottage hard by. He came out in another moment with Lord Mountjoy leaning on his arm, alive and safe, but so old and gray, so feeble and shaken, that Lady Barbara's heart stood still as she looked at him.

"Heaven be praised!" Lord Mountjoy half sobbed as he sank down upon the grass beside his daughter.

"I have sent to Clavering for a close carriage; it is in sight now. If Lady Barbara can walk across this meadow, we can meet the carriage at that point," said Max, offering his arm to Lord Mountjoy, and turning his back on the white gates and the line, and what lay on them—alas, the poor cobs!—as the father and daughter rose.

"Yes, yes," hastily acquiesced Lord Mountjoy, hurrying nervously onwards. "You will not leave us now—you will come with us?"—as Max held the carriage door open.

And with a scarcely perceptible hesitation Max stepped in after the old nobleman, and took his place opposite Lady Barbara.

Who was this man who appeared to have taken the command of the situation, on whom her father leaned, and who appeared so entitled to his confidence? Lady Barbara wondered, as she glanced at the figure on the opposite seat.

He was a gentleman—that Lady Barbara saw at once; he did not belong to the neighborhood, she knew, or thought she knew; he was perhaps some visitor staying at Walton Grange, or at Sir Charles Ellsworth's, who had come up in time to render assistance.

Lady Barbara could not trust her thoughts to look back to the terrible crisis passed.

"Now, papa," she said, as the carriage stopped at the entrance to Clavering, "we will send Dobson on at once to Overton for Doctor Lewis."

"Quite unnecessary, my dear—quite unnecessary."

"You must see him, papa—indeed you must. Your nerves have been a little shaken; a little composing draught——"

"Mr. Peveril will prescribe for us both, my dear"—with a courteous wave of his hand towards Max—"if he should think it advisable. We are most fortunate in having secured his kind services."

Mr. Peveril! So this was Dolly's hero, of whom Lady Barbara had been used to think patronizingly, even a little disparagingly—this man, who had spoken to Lady Barbara herself with authority, who bowed now with such quiet dignity at Lord Mountjoy's introduction, whose manners and "tone" had the stamp of simple distinction, which had caused her to mistake him for one of her own caste! This was the man whom Lady Barbara had decided beforehand would be a disappointment!

She was too well trained in high breeding to show any surprise, but she could have smiled as she made him her best curtsey, and repeated to herself:

"So this is Dolly's hero! Sweet little Dolly was right, after all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Loved and Lost.

BY B. B.

I HAD retired to my room, after intense exertion, feeling quite tired. All the day I had been poring over Blackstone, and now, to escape from the gloomy office to my own cheerful room, was indeed a great relief.

I had drawn off my coat and boots, and seated myself at the fire, when a tap at the door caused me to look round sharply, and exclaim, 'Come in!"

In answer to this, a head was thrust in, and then came these words: "A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Show him up," said I, biting my lips, for I am an old bachelor, and do not relish being disturbed.

A heavy footstep sounded on the stairs; the door opened suddenly, and—there stood my old friend and college chum, Harry Rushton!

"Ed!" exclaimed he, springing forward and wringing my hand.

"Harry, old boy, how are you? Do sit down—take off your coat, and make yourself at home!"

I was very much "flurried," as the saying is, to speak another word till he was seated comfortably in my great arm chair before the fire. Then, after some preliminary conversation dwelling on everything in general and nothing in particular, I suddenly (in the midst of a tremendous "Ha! ha!") broke out seriously, "Harry, have you seen the lady lately of whom you have spoken so freely in your letters—Rachel Grayson?"

Anger, caused by disappointment, showed itself in his face for one instant, then followed a look of intense pain.

"Ed," said he, drawing closer to me, and grasping my hand, "I have something to tell you concerning that lady, which will cause the very blood to boil in your veins. I——"

"Why, Harry!" exclaimed I; "has anything befallen her? Why do you look so?"

He withdrew his hand from mine, clenched it and brought it down with great force upon the arm of the chair. Then starting up he paced the floor.

Never have I seen a face showing such anguish as did his upon this occasion. Every step he took seemed to grind something beneath it; every movement evinced a spirit, which, like a vessel fastened to its wharf, fretted and chafed to free itself.

"Has—anything—befallen her?" he ejaculated, as if soliloquizing—"has anything befall——Yes, Ned, yes!" he suddenly burst forth, coming once again to my side; "and you shall hear the story, if I can but be sufficiently patient to narrate it."

He calmed himself somewhat, and then began.

"Immediately after graduating with you at college, I returned to my native village, to recuperate. I needed rest; my brain was completely overworked. Some months subsequently, I began to feel rejuvenated. I frequently took strolls in the great woods—went hunting, fishing, &c.

"On one occasion, while out strolling, I caught sight of some object in the woods, and immediately started in pursuit. Great was my astonishment to behold a lady. She had been, with others, taking a walk, and had, by some accident, become lost. Her face was so handsome that I could hardly keep my eyes from it; her figure and voice so bewitching that I was enslaved. Never before in my whole existence had I seen such an angelic countenance. I guided her to her home, and was rewarded by an invitation to call.

"Thus it was that I first became acquainted with Rachel Grayson, and learned to love her with my whole heart.

"As our acquaintance ripened, my passion increased; never was I so happy as when in her presence. To wait upon her—to execute her every wish—to win an approving smile—was all I cared for. I was infatuated—my whole soul seemed to rise up at times like some great spirit, and it was with difficulty that I crushed the words of love I would have uttered.

"One October evening, when the rays of the moon shone upon green fields and trees, spreading a canopy over the earth, I called upon Rachel. When we met, the spirit of love mastered me. I fell upon my knees and declared my passion—told it all—explained my anguish caused by absence from her side—wept, and, in short, must have acted in a crazed manner.

"She listened to me till I had finished; then, placing her hand in mine, uttered these words: 'Harry, I respect you—nay, love you with a sister's love. Your wife I can never be!'

"This then was the sad awakening from my dream of happiness. I accepted the inevitable; a weight was lifted from my mind. As a brother, then, I vowed to exercise my prerogatives, and sealed the compact with a kiss. After this incident, I could not but be unhappy—my love was so great."

The touching pathos in the narrator's last words caused me to look up. His eyes were dimmed with tears—his voice unsteady.

"And now comes the *finale*. At Rachel's birthday party, a gentleman was introduced to her. His every action during the evening denoted that he, too, was her slave. I watched him jealously, but no fault could I find. Tall and graceful, with black hair and eyes, regular features, faultless teeth, polite and congenial—'t was, indeed, a hard matter for anyone to pick a flaw in him.

"Rachel Grayson, my sister I saw, from the beginning, reciprocated this feeling in spite of declarations to the contrary. The evening passed; other evenings followed. The gentleman visited her frequently, and I foresaw marriage in the future, and became despondent and more watchful.

'On last Christmas Eve, the blow fell. I struggled through the blinding snow to her gate. I remember it well!—'twas near the midnight hour. As I neared it, I could see through the storm lights flashing from every window, while the cries of female domestics rang through the air. Something indescribable filled my breast. I seemed choking. My heart was in my mouth. Hastily flinging the gate aside, I was soon amongst them.

"'What has happened?' exclaimed I, addressing the aged mother.

Then came the thunderbolt.

"Rachel, my child, is gone—has eloped!"

Here my friend stopped, as if to gain sufficient strength for a final effort.

"'Has eloped!' cried I, incredulously; 'with whom?'

"The answer came, soon enough.

"'With George Randolph, an adventurer.'

"Then there seemed to come upon me an army of fiends. I fought to free myself—to go out into the air—to search the world over—and then the fiends vanished, everything was enveloped in darkness, and reason fled.

"Weeks passed. When at last my senses returned, I sat up in bed and looked around. It was not my room, surely. I heard the door open softly; a woman came to my side, and whispered words of comfort; but I did not wish to hear them—I wanted to know what had become of Rachel, and why they had allowed me to remain so long in this room. Then, after a little persuasion, the story was told me. I hardly have patience to narrate it to you now, Ned; Rachel, my sister, was in the same house with me, in our own little village. She had been betrayed! Betrayed and sent back to her home to die! Oh, if I could seek out this fiend!" he exclaimed, springing from his chair. "When he lies at my feet, slain by my hand, then I shall die contented—meeting the laws of justice like a man!"

There he stood, his eyes fairly blazing with excitement, his whole frame shaking with passion. I broke the spell into which I had fallen, and sprang forward. But it was too late. Hatless and coatless, he dashed down the steps.

* * * * *

Randolph was found upon a river's bank, with a creature, who once was a man, it is said, bending over him, and staring vacantly at nothing.

The world is indignant over the murder committed by this lunatic, for "Mr. Randolph was such a cultivated gentleman;" but Henry Rushton's vengeance and lunacy vividly portrays a love I had never seen before, and shall never see again.

ICELANDIC COSTUMES.—The full dress consisted of a helmet shaped head-dress of some stiff white stuff, with a golden tiara around the front of it, and a large lace veil over all; a black cloth jacket, partly open in front, trimmed with velvet and gold embroidery; a black cloth skirt of moderate length, and pretty full, embroidered with yellow silk. The belt was very handsome, being covered with gold ornaments. For out of doors, there was a long, round, black velvet cloak, trimmed with white fur, and lined with green cloth. The every-day dress is a black cloth jacket trimmed with velvet, but not embroidered; a dark skirt, and a large apron of some bright color. A silk necktie is also worn, the color of which ought to match that of the apron. Diversity of taste, however, is exhibited both in the color of these parts of the dress and in the fineness of the work on the chemisette and cuffs. The head dress is a small black worsted cap, with a long black silk tassel, and it is worn by all classes, the only difference being in the gold, silver, or tinsel ornament on the tassel, and the slightly larger size of the caps worn by the old women.

John Nicholas took the two Misses Blumenear out riding at Ellenville, N. Y., and they requited him with coldness. By way of retaliation he sued their father for $4, which was his valuation of the ride, but the magistrate decided against him.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

BOILED ALIVE.—One Rouse, who had attempted to poison Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who was afterwards murdered in his seventy-seventh year by Henry VIII., was actually boiled to death in Smithfield for his offence. The law which thus punished him was afterwards repealed.

BEARDS.—Beards, which had been out of fashion for some years, came in again in the reign of Henry VIII., and each man wore his beard as indicative of his pursuits. The churchman wore a long beard and moustache that flowed on the breast. This was known as the cathedral beard. The soldiers wore the spade beard and the stiletto beard.

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS.—Mount Everest, in Asia of the Himalaya range is upward of 29 000 feet, or five and a half miles, high, and enjoys the distinction of being the highest mountain in the world. Mont Blanc is the highest European peak, but it is also above any mountain in the United States by some 700 feet for there is no mountain in the United States which rises above 15 000 feet. This is Mount Whitney, in California. It may possibly rise a few more feet than 15 000 above the sea.

JUDAS THE TRAITOR.—It was believed a century or two since that the descendants of Judas Iscariot still existed at Corfu, though the persons who suffered this imputation stoutly denied the truth of the genealogy. When the ceremony of washing the feet is performed in the Greek church at Smyrna, the bishop represents Christ, and the twelve apostles are acted by as many priests. He who personates Judas must be paid for it, and such is the feeling of the people that whoever accepts this odious part commonly retains the name of Judas for life.

OLD LONDON.—Before houses were numbered in London, it was a common practice with tradesmen not much known, when they advertised, to mention the color of their next neighbor's door, balcony or lamp, of which custom the following copy of a handbill will present a curious instance: 'Next to the Golden Door, opposite Suffolk street, near Pall Mall, at the Barber's Pole, liveth a certain person, Robert Barker, who having found out an excellent method for sweating or fluxing of wiggs; his prices are 2s. 6d. for each bob and 3s. for every tye wigg and pigtail, ready money."

THE AFRICAN HONEY BIRD.—It endeavors to attract the attention of travelers, and to induce them to follow it. When it succeeds thus far, it almost invariably leads the person who follows to a nest of wild bees. While on the route, it keeps up an incessant twittering, as if to assure its follower of success, and often alights on the ground or a bush, and looks back to see if the person is still in pursuit. The native Africans, when conducted by the bird, frequently answer its twittering with a whistle as they proceed, for the purpose of signifying to their conductor that they are still following it. When the bird arrives at the hollow tree, or other place where the honey is deposited, it hovers over the spot, points at the deposit with its bill, and perches on a neighboring bush or tree to await its share of the plunder.

THE RESURRECTION.—A young German countess, who lived about a hundred years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done; but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the side stone and the upper slab and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder, and the granite lid was raised, and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing.

AN EXTENSIVE HOLE.—The opening of the first railway is spoken of as a memorable event, but every one seems to forget that centuries before this occurred loads were transported on rails in mines, and the fact is equally overlooked regarding the piercing of whole mountains, such as Mont Cenis and Saint Gothard in the Alps, that similar works had been effected ages ago in mines on a far larger scale. The longest subterranean construction of this kind is to be found in the mines of Freyberg, in the Kingdom of Saxony. Already, at the end of the year 1835, the galleries had attained a length of 100 miles. At the same time the works, commenced at the end of the twelfth century, had reached such a depth that any further descent was found to be impracticable. Consequently a new gallery had to be opened. The work was completed a year ago, and its execution had occupied thirty three years. Including the secondary galleries, the shaft has now an extent of tunneling which will soon reach nearly thirty two miles. This length far surpasses any railway tunnel in the world.

THE LAST LOAD OF HAY.

BY WALTER COOPER.

Between the already high-packed mows
  Stands the last full load of hay;
And the farmer mops his honest face
  At the close of the summer day.

He gazes out on the meadows shorn,
  On the golden stubble field,
On the waving green of the growing corn,
  Which promises bounteous yield.

The oats on the hillside nod in the sun,
  Heavy with milky grain,
And the buckwheat bloom, with its sweet perfume,
  Waits for morn and the bees again.

The scent of the clover is in the air
  As the farmer grazes abroad,
And he places his hat on his matted hair
  As he humbly thanks his God.

He sees His Grace in the garnered grain,
  And in that to be gathered in;
In the hay on the overloaded wain,
  And the winnowed oats in the bin.

The patient cows in the barnyard wait
  To fill up the shining cans,
And the farmer's wife at the open gate
  Brings a face as bright as her pans.

His Belle is dressed in calico,
  As she sits by the cows to milk;
And he smiles when he thinks that this is so,
  While his corn is clad in silk.

He toils all day, but his rest at night
  Is sweet, for the labor done;
And he wakes in the early morning light
  And is up betimes with the sun.

And so he works, and working waits,
  With a soul kept free from sin.
Till the Lord of the harvest opens His gates,
  And gathers His sheaves in.

TRIED FOR LIFE;

—OR,—

A Golden Dawn.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

DENE HALL was filled with consternation. Colonel Halle undertook the superintendence; Lady Rosedene was quite incapacitated. All that she could say was—"I knew evil would come of it."

Even in the midst of her sorrow and dismay she had time to reflect that her prestige was ended—that never again could people speak with satisfaction of her home. A murder had been committed there—a beautiful woman had been brutally slain in the middle of the night. Instead of being the admiration of the whole county, her house would henceforth be shunned as the scene of a most cruel tragedy.

Colonel Halle, by dint of hard words, brought her back to reason.

"It is clearly," he said, "a case of murder, and the laws of the land must be obeyed; no one must touch the body or enter the room."

The last injunction came too late. When the rush of terrified women came, they disturbed the ornaments on the toilet table; and no one remembered whether the window was found open or shut; all that was known was that the dead woman grasped the shawl in her hands as though she had grasped it in her last struggle.

Colonel Halle forbade its removal. He sent away the weeping women, he kept a watch on the chamber of the dead. He was a strong man and a brave soldier, but his eyes filled with tears as he picked up from the ground the beautiful spray of apple-blossom that had been worn on the white breast now stilled for evermore.

Very quickly the detectives came, and the whole ghastly machinery of the law was put in force.

No one ever knew who first uttered the fatal words—

"She must be guilty; her shawl was in the dead woman's hand."

Several guests of her own sex, with some women servants, sought Miss Vane. No one could tell in the after days, who was the first to enter the room where the girl stood in her white dressing-robe, her hair falling like a veil over her, her face colorless as that of the dead woman's, a terrible fear in her eyes, her white lips dumb. She leaned back against the wall with her hand held out as though she would ward off some terrible blow. Who entered first, who said first that she was guilty, who revealed that she had said over and over again that she would slay Lady Fraser if she took her lover from her, who repeated the last words that she had uttered in the ball-room when she hastened away with the blue-and-white shawl round her shoulders which was now clasped in the dead woman's hand, was never known.

The storm gathered, and the young girl stood there breasting it alone. Her own sex shrank from her with looks of scorn, with horror in their eyes, with fear in their faces. The room seemed full of whispers.

"She is so young," said one; "could she be so cruel?"

"She looks so fragile," murmured another, "it is a wonder that she possessed the strength."

"Hate is strong," was the answer; "and she hated her rival because she was jealous of her."

And all the time they spoke these words Hyacinth stood dumb and motionless, with unutterable woe in her white face.

She never moved until, attracted by the crowd, Alan entered the room and saw her, the mark for all suspicion. She sprang to him, regardless of who saw or heard her; she flung herself upon his breast; she clasped her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Alan, save me, help me! Send them away; they say I killed her!" And the words were wailed out in a voice that filled some of them with pain.

He gathered her to him; he kissed the sweet despairing face.

"No one shall say so, my darling; I will take you away. No one thinks you did it; it is women's foolish talk. You shall go home, I will take you. Leave the room," he said to the ladies and women-servants who had gathered there. "Hyacinth, get ready to return to your father. I will stand outside here at the door, and see that no one molests you." He raised one white cold hand to his lips and kissed it. "My darling," he added, "those sweet hands would not knowingly take the life of anything."

But, when she tried to arrange her dress, her hands trembled so that one of the women servants had to help her. She was not long, however, before she was ready; but, when Alan led her from the room, he was stopped by a stern faced officer of the law.

"That lady cannot leave the house, sir. I have a warrant for her apprehension for the murder of Lady Fraser."

"You are mad," said Alan, "or rather those who grant such a warrant are mad!"

The officer was immovable.

"I am very sorry, sir, I must obey orders. The lady cannot leave this house. When she does it will be to go to Ulverston jail."

Those who saw the scene that followed will never forget it. The officer produced the warrant for Hyacinth's apprehension; he had ridden to the nearest magistrate for it; and the girl, her fair young face as white as death, clung to her lover, crying out that he must save her. Alan, mad with shame and despair, sent for Lady Rosedene, who came with Colonel Halle.

"You cannot allow such an injustice as this," he said; "it is too cruel! This young lady is under your care, Lady Rosedene; they shall trample my dead body under foot before they touch her!"

A voice rose from the crowd of women—

"She killed Lady Fraser because she was jealous of her!"

When Alan Branston heard the words, they smote him like a sword. The arm that had gathered her closely to him fell by his side. She raised her despairing eyes to his face.

"Oh, my love, my love," she cried, "surely, if all the world fails me, you will not?"

Lady Rosedene's words bore fatal witness against her young visitor.

"I never thought you meant it, Hyacinth," she said; "although I believe she drove you mad with jealousy."

"I may have been mad," replied the girl, calmly—"I do not remember what I said; but I take heaven to witness that I never injured Lady Fraser."

"If you are innocent," said Colonel Halle, "you will be able to prove it at the right time and in the right place." He, for one, evidently believed in the girl's guilt.

The terrible scene was shortened by Colonel Halle. Under some pretext he drew Alan away, and during his absence Hyacinth Vane was removed under the charge of the police officer.

The details of the terrible tragedy at Dene Hall were soon known all over the land. The newspapers discussed it fully; every illustrated paper had a view of Dene Hall; every variety of style was used in describing the tragedy—the pathetic, the sentimental, the monitory; but one and all of the writers agreed that it was the most awful crime of modern times. How greedily people read the story of the handsome young Squire who had so truly loved the young girl, although, manlike, he had thought it no treason to flirt with another woman! How they wondered about the young girl, who was said to have the face of a goddess! How they talked of the brilliant woman who had tried to lure the young lover away!

It was the old story, they said—love, jealousy, and madness. No one seemed to doubt Hyacinth's guilt—she must have done the deed. So the public read and talked, while at Dene Hall the dreary tragedy moved on. There was an inquest, and the verdict was "Wilful murder." Then most of the visitors left Dene Hall. Colonel Halle, at Lady Rosedene's request, remained.

The saddest part of the tragedy was to come. Alan Branston determined that Francis Vane should not hear the intelligence from any one but himself, and he went over to see him. He lived out of the world, this scholar who had been so true to one love; but the moment his eyes fell on the young Squire's face he cried out—

"There is something wrong with my daughter!"

Alan tried to tell him gently, to break the news to him softly; but from the first moment in which he clearly understood there was death in his face. He spoke at last, but his words were few.

"My daughter is in prison, you tell me, charged with the murder of the woman of whom you made her jealous?"

"Alas, it is so!" said Alan. "I would rather be dead myself than telling this to you."

"And, were I in your place I would rather be dead than saying it."

* * * * * * *

The tragedy was deepened when people heard that Francis Vane, scholar and gentleman, was found dead on his wife's grave. There was a smile on his face when they raised him, as though he knew the truth.

CHAPTER XVI.

HYACINTH VANE'S trial, while it lasted, occupied the attention of all England; there had been no such sensation for years. There had been cases of poisoning and horrible murders, but nothing like this—a young and beautiful girl in her jealousy had slain the woman she believed to be her rival.

It was a trial that had been expected for many months; but the prisoner had been seriously ill, and it had been delayed until she was well enough to appear at the bar of justice.

The March Assizes at Ulverton were the general subject of conversation; every one was on the alert. The Grand Jury found a true bill, and Hyacinth Vane was to be tried for her life for the wilful murder of Lady Fraser.

Hyacinth's father was dead, and, but for Alan, she would have been alone in the world. He would have lavished his whole wealth in her defence. He employed the cleverest and most eloquent counsel; he left no stone unturned; he wore himself to a shadow in his efforts—but circumstantial evidence was too strong for him.

The day of the trial came, and from all parts of England people went to see the heroine of the Dene Hall tragedy. There had been nothing like the tragedy for years.

The evidence against the prisoner was strong. Ladies of unimpeachable veracity came forward and said that they had heard the prisoner threaten that she would slay the deceased if she took her lover from her; and those words, spoken by the girl in the mad frenzy of jealousy, meaning nothing then, had a very different and far more horrible sound when repeated in a court of justice. She had been heard to threaten Lady Fraser. A dozen witnesses could swear to the ill-feeling there was between the two. On the night of the murder they had quarrelled; Hyacinth had been heard to say that she would kill her rival if she would take her lover from her. It was next proved that after these few sharp words Hyacinth left the ball-room with the blue and-white shawl round her shoulders; the same shawl was found clenched in the dead woman's hands, and fastened to it was one of the blue cornflowers Miss Vane had worn.

The evidence was strong; no one else had even a faint dislike to the hapless lady. The crime had not been committed for booty; her jewelry was lying about, but not even a ring had been touched. There was no possible motive to be assigned save that of jealousy; there was no one jealous but Hyacinth Vane. The evidence as to the shawl found in the murdered woman's hands proved that Hyacinth Vane must have been with her when she died; therefore she must have killed her.

So argued the prosecution; so thought the jury; and in defence what was there to be said? Most eloquent appeals were made by the clever counsel employed. They spoke of the prisoner's youth and beauty; they tried to show how impossible it was that a girl so young, so fragile, so weak, could have been guilty of so gross a crime. They made the most of one point—the absence of a weapon; but from the first it was evident that the trial was going against her. Perhaps her youth and beauty, instead of pleading for her, were against her. The jury had to steel themselves.

The evidence had told against her; one could read it in the faces of the jurymen, which grew graver and sadder—in the face of the judge, which was sorrowful with a great sorrow—in the weeping eyes of women and the bent brows of stern men.

The time came when the short sunshine of the March day was over, and a dull yellow light filled the court—when the jury went out to consider their verdict, and the prisoner, white and cold as death, was led from the dock. The jury were absent for more than an hour, and when they returned it was to a scene no one ever forgot. Through the large windows could be seen the darkening sky, and the hoarse murmur of the crowd surrounding the court could be plainly heard. Tier after tier of eager faces were lifted, all eyes were bent in one direction. The gas had been lighted, and threw a curious livid hue on the hundreds of assembled faces. The one object of interest was the tall slender figure of the young girl. She stood quite erect, her hands clasped, her fair sweet face white as snow, her blue eyes lowered and drenched with tears, her lips closed like the bud of a white flower—surely the most pitiful figure ever seen on earth.

Women told each other afterwards of the brave young lover who would not leave her, who watched every movement of the white hands, every expression of the sweet white face, who listened attentively to every word for and against her, who sent little notes to her counsel, and looked as though he could annihilate every witness whose evidence told ever so slightly against her.

The sweet face grew even whiter, when the jury returned; the girl's hands trembled, her blue eyes turned with a wistful helpless look to the Squire's handsome face.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury—do you find the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

There was a moment's silence; one might have heard a pin drop; in the whole of the crowded court there was not a sound.

"Guilty," was the word that fell like a death-knell—and the eager expectation gave way to a murmur of dismay.

"Innocent, I say, and I will prove it!" cried the young Squire. And, looking at his troubled face, the Judge refrained from rebuke. He passed sentence of death on her, while women wept and men shuddered. Death for that fair young girl with the angelic face—death for that fair delicate body—it was too terrible.

It was over at last. The warders carried the prisoner away, as one already senseless or dead. No one interfered when the lover who loved her so well bent down as she was carried past him and kissed the sweet silent face; no one rebuked him—there was deepest pity for him.

As the audience broke up, different groups discussed the verdict. Slowly enough they gave their opinion—she must be guilty; no one else could have done it; yet how angelic she looked, and how dearly the Squire loved her!

Slowly the miserable March day ended; and the next day it was known all over the country that Hyacinth Vane had been found guilty and sentenced to death.

A petition was drawn up and numerously signed, praying that, because she was so young, and the evidence against her all circumstantial, the sentence might be commuted; but the Home Secretary, who had not seen the fair face and the blue eyes drowned in tears, saw no cause for interference, and the law was to take its course.

What those days spent in the dreary solitude of the condemned cell were for the hapless girl, no one ever knew. The only grace that she obtained was permission from the governor to have pens, ink and paper. She wrote all that she thought and felt. She kept those papers until she died; and she called them

A Dream of the Scaffold.

Some one has been into my cell and tells me that I may have pens and ink, that I may write all I think and feel; and my thoughts go first of all to my home.

There was a large bed of white hyacinths in the dear old garden at home; they were my mother's pride. When any one came to see her in the warm, beautiful spring-time, she would say to them, "Have you seen my hyacinths?" and then show them with such gentle pride. When she lay dying, with the light of the western sun on her face, they laid me in her arms. She could not see me for the mist before her eyes.

"You would like to kiss the baby," those about her said; and the sweet soul smiled, and would not tell them that the light had gone from her eyes.

She felt with her white dying hand for the little face, and then said, with a smile—

"My dear little baby! Francis, I should like her to be called 'Hyacinth,' after my favorite flower."

My father promised that it should be so; and I was named Hyacinth Vane.

Yes, I—Hyacinth Vane, condemned to die to-morrow—I was a little baby once, with my golden head nestling on my mother's breast, with my soft pink cheek warmed by my mother's dying kiss.

I am to die to-morrow. To die! Oh, heaven, what do the words mean?

I raise my hands and look at them, they are white and warm. The warm blood courses through them. Is it possible that to-morrow they will be whiter still—cold and motionless? How can I die to-morrow, when to-day I am full of warm life?

The sun rises in the east, and touches the left side of the wall of my cell; at night it touches the right. Now it is between the two. The golden sunlight creeps so slowly along the wall. When it comes round here to-morrow, I shall be dead. Oh, stop, golden sun, while I think what that means! I shall be dead—my eyes will see no more, my ears will be closed, my limbs dumb. I shall lie cold and still; but where shall I be?—the "I" who thinks, speaks, feels, and suffers? A cold white body will be somewhere within the prison walls, but that will not be I.

I am to die to-morrow. I am nineteen years old—a girl, young and innocent, lying in Ulverton jail, condemned to death—found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung by the neck until I am dead. I remember the crowded court, the sea of faces, the hum of voices, the glare of the sun, the stirring of the vast crowd, and the deadly

silence that reigned while the Judge put on that terrible cap, and said, "hung by the neck until you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

There was a stir, an excitement. One lady, who had watched the trial intently, suddenly gave an hysterical cry—

"She is so young! Is there no mercy for her?"

I heard murmurs all round me—I saw tears on many faces; but I did not think of myself. It was to me as though another girl stood in the dock, and I was so sorry for her. My mind dwelt on those words, "may the Lord have mercy on your soul." If those wise and learned men wanted me to save my soul, why do they hurry me out of the world? Why not let me live to do it?

Slowly the golden light is changing on the wall; when it reaches the end of the window, the sun will set—when it sets to-morrow night I shall be beyond it. I kneel by the side of the little pallet, and I pray that my fair young mother may never know that her white hyacinth was accused of murder.

Slowly the sun-rays are creeping along before the terrible darkness of night comes—the darkness which for me knows no second dawn.

Let me describe what my cell is like. It is a square, cold, bare room, all white; yet it seems to me that the very walls should be black with sighs. The window is very small, very narrow. When I stand on the bed, I can see just one piece of blue sky. There are a chair and a white deal table. This is the condemned cell at Ulverton jail. Strange tragedies have passed here; unhappy women have moaned their lives away, frantic wretches have knelt and clutched the hands of the chaplain and the warder. Soulless, saddened, brutal men have stupefied themselves with despair, and have died without a word, cowards have shrieked and raved, good men have prayed, while I——

Strange stories are told of the last night spent by those condemned to die on the morrow. Sometimes a stupor of despair comes over the criminal—a stupor from which nothing can rouse him—and he dies; or, bewildered, a frantic madness seizes him. Men who have to die at eight in the morning have been known in a paroxysm of this madness to almost kill the man who watched them. In this cell due precaution has been taken; there is a portion of it enclosed within an iron railing, which has no outlet into the cell. If the warder wants to go near the prisoner he must go out of his own door and re-enter the cell by the door that belongs to it. The railed off portion looks like an immense iron cage. The warder's bed is inside it.

I have heard of frantic men clutching those bars with shrieks that have made the blood run cold in the veins of those who heard. I shall try to die calmly; but I know that I shall be most terribly afraid.

Faster now and faster the light creeps along the wall. Oh for one face to smile on me, for one hand to touch me, for one word of comfort! I climb to the window and watch the blue sky. What mystery lies beyond it?

There is just one breath of sweet summer air. I lay my tired head against the cold stone wall, and shut my eyes; then—ah, then I am in the old garden at home, where the roses are growing, and sweet old-fashioned flowers are full of perfume! The blossoms fall from the lime-trees, the bees are busy with the carnations, the butterflies woo the lilies, the golden sunlight lies over all. A bird with bright eyes and smooth plumage sings on a bough of white pear-blossom. Oh, dear and gracious heaven, how fair it is, this warm, sunlit, fragrant world.

I watch the swallows on the eaves; I watch the blue and white pigeons circle in the air. My heart grows light and gay with all this loveliness around me; yet there is a feeling as of some impending dread. I hear the wood-pigeons and the shout of children at play. I can see the gray church spire, and a voice calls, "Hyacinth, where are you?" "I am here, father," I answer in my dream; and I see my father walk down the broad path bordered by white lilies. A sudden sense of security and freedom from all danger warms my heart. I throw my arms round him, and then, with a deadly chill, with a terrible horror, with mortal dread, with keenest anguish, I awake. Ah, dear heaven, it was but a dream! I am miles away from the garden at home and I have looked my last on my father's face.

It was only a dream. My head lay on the stone wall, one sunbeam touched my face; yet so vivid had been the dream that the odor of the lilies seemed to be around me.

I cannot cry. My eyes burn, my heart swells, all my tears have been dried long since; but a great sob comes from my lips. Oh, if I could but escape through the narrow window, were it only to fall dead on the ground beneath! My dream has unnerved me; the song of the bird on the pear-tree is with me still. I hear the low ripple of the little brook over the pebbles; I hear the soft sweet chime of the church bells; I know just now that the sunlight lies low on the hills, that the haymakers are leaving work, that the children are wandering through the woods, that the birds are calling to each other, that the cows are returning from the meadow, that the sun is beginning to set amid a great mass of crimson clouds, that the wind is whispering, and the trees stir their great branches in languid answer.

Never again will sun set or bird sing, or flowers bloom for me. Never again will the reapers, passing me in the green lane greet me cheerily. All sweet sounds of earth have ceased for me.

If I could but stop that changing light! It is on the right side now, and it is growing fainter. A cold horrible shudder comes over me, my limbs tremble, an unutterable anguish burns my very soul. I give one long lingering look at the blue sky. Shall I see it to-morrow when they take me out shame-stricken to die before the eyes of thousands? Shall I notice either the sky or the sunlight then—I, who have loved them all my life?

Then comes another pause. I dream again. This time I am standing in the churchyard at home, with a group of laughing girls around me. The great oak trees and the stately elms line the path that leads to the porch, great tendrils of ivy reach the ground, birds sing gaily in the heart of the green trees, the bells are ringing merrily. I stand there laughing as gaily as any of them. Near me is a large white marble cross with crimson roses growing over it; on that cross I read my mother's name. Suddenly one of the girls turns to me and says, "I do not see your gravestone here." Another answers, "No—Hyacinth Vane was buried in buried in Ulverton jail." And they all fall back from me with a terrible cry.

I wake with great drops of anguish on my face. While I have slept, the light has grown dim, and the sun has set.

The light men love so well and call the gloaming has set in: strange shadows lie in the corners of my cell, strange sounds fill my ears; every few moments a curious sensation comes over me, a loss of memory and a confusion of thought. Once I fancy that the face I love best on earth is smiling into mine; I fancy I am kneeling, with my head on my lover's breast, and his dear arms around me. I forgive him, my dear love whose disloyalty has brought me here. I forgive him, and love him with all my heart, as I always have. But, when my senses return to me, my head lies on no lover's breast; I have fallen upon the stone floor, and have barely strength to rise.

Ah, my love, I shall never more know the clasp of your hands! I said hard words cruel and bitter, in my jealous rage, but I never meant them. I would have given my life for you, not have taken the life of one you loved.

Hyacinth Vane guilty of murder! It seems absurd, as though one broke a butterfly on a wheel or racked with torture a feathered songster. My whole heart faints at the sight of pain.

I hated her for her beautiful face, for her proud manner, for her false sweet words, for her insolence to me; but slay her? Dear heaven, I had neither the strength, the courage, nor the will to hurt one hair of her head!

I hated her; she had robbed me of more than my life; but slay her? Ah me, how foolish the wisest of men are! If I had been a judge, and they had brought before me such another girl as myself, it seems to me that I should have looked in the girl's face and said—

"That child a murderess? What nonsense!"

Though my judge looked sorry for me, yet he certainly believed I had done that shameful deed.

I shall stand before another Judge to-morrow, and He will know; there will be no injustice then—no untruth. I shall find Infinite Mercy. My earthly judge has failed: on these hands of mine no stains of blood rest.

And now the last faint light must be dying out of the skies at home. My hours grow fewer. I must pray now, while my senses are left to me. I must beg heaven to forgive all my sins.

What is my worst sin? I made an idol of my lover. I worshipped him as one should only worship the great Creator. I gave to my love the love I should have given to heaven. For that sin I must pray for pardon. Again, the sins of hatred against the beautiful woman who stole him from me, of burning jealousy, of bitter words, of longing for vengeance—for those sins, and no other, I have to suffer to-morrow a shameful death.

I am sorry for her living in her grave, her bright beauty hidden forever from the eyes of men; but I pity myself more. Thousands of curious eyes will look on while I die. There will be no one to prove that I was innocent. My father, my friends, the girls I loved, the children I played with, will all believe me guilty; and for fifty years to come they will tell at Dunwold the story of how Hyacinth Vane murdered Gertrude Fraser out of jealousy and revenge. There will be no one to defend me and say I was innocent. The little ones I have nursed will grow up into men and women, and to their children in their turn they will tell how Hyacinth Vane murdered her beautiful rival, and died in Ulverton jail. There will be no one to tell the truth. I hate to think that Elsie Vane's only child—"the little white Hyacinth," as she was called—shall for all time be branded with the name of murderess.

I kneel down and pray as well as I know how. I remember my sins, and ask pardon for them. And then I ask that I may die bravely; that I may not cry, or shriek, or faint; that I may not cling to the kindly chaplain, whose heart aches for me; that I may not cry out to the seething multitude. I ask—and I never stop to think whether it is right or wrong—with woeful tears that my mother may come and be near me on the scaffold when I am about to die.

It is quite dark; and a strange sound comes to me. It is like the hum of a multitude—a confused, horrible sound. The jail at Ulverton stands facing one of the wide streets, and clearly enough I recognise the sound of an enormous surging mass of people.

They are come to see me die!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Way to Get Well.

BY M. R.

SAMUEL P. J. T. THROCKMORTON, for so he wrote his name, was in every sense of the word, a big man, standing six feet in his stockings, and exceeding in portliness the dimensions of most men it was ever my fortune to see. He was a bluff, rough old man, and often boasted that he had never been sick a day in his life.

He was big in every sense of the word—big, personally, as I have described. Then he was master of a big fortune, and was, in his own estimation, and in that of his neighbors, big in importance.

When the new turnpike was made, the judgment of all lesser stockholders yielded to his, and a crook, which took in various hills and hollows, was made, greatly to the detriment of the general interest, to avoid the barn of Mr. Samuel P. J. T. Throckmorton. And everybody said it was right to make the aforesaid crook—it gave variety, and added to the romance of the scenery. But when the surveyor struck through the snug little house of Solomon Delver—a poor man employed by the turnpike company to break stone—nobody thought it would add anything to the romance of the scenery to make another crook, and Solomon Delver's house was razed down.

In reality, this man was the despot of a little kingdom; and great was the consternation which ran through the neighborhood, when it was rumored that Samuel P. J. T. Throckmorton was very ill, and had sent fifty miles for a very eminent surgeon to visit him—a man who, in the ordinary practice of medicine, was of very little repute.

Now the great man, as he had often boasted, had never been sick; and having by indulging too freely at the table brought on an attack of indigestion and headache, which a little abstinence and some exercise would have cured, he tumbled himself into bed, smothered in blankets, and having hot bricks at his head and his feet, by partaking liberally of all confections and condiments to restore the tone of his stomach.

Mrs. Throckmorton was a little, fidgety, nervous woman, who had little judgment or understanding, and having been all her life accustomed to rely with implicit confidence on the wisdom of her husband, did so now that his illness quite unbalanced his usual perceptions and conceptions, for Mr. Throckmorton was not a man to endure a headache calmly.

"O, Sally Ann! Sally Ann!" was his constant appeal. He had punctiliously till then said Mrs. Throckmorton, or Sarah Anna. But he was changed; the great Mr Samuel P. J. T. Throckmorton was reduced to a bed of pain—he was a sick man—and a querulous, frightened, miserable sick man at that.

Poor Sally Anna found herself quite exhausted, physically, at sunset, and all her mental resources of amusement drained to the bottom. Westley, the colored man, was despatched to inform Deacon Whitfield of the very serious and alarming indisposition of his friend. Mrs. Throckmorton desired Westley to be particular and say friend to the Deacon.

At the end of half an hour Westley returned; and though he brought the intelligence that Deacon Whitfield would be there almost as soon as himself, was immediately despatched for Mrs. Perrin.

He had scarcely gone, when there fell a soft tap on the chamber door—Deacon Whitfield had waived ceremony, and entered without ringing.

"Bad enough, Mr. Throckmorton," he said, sorrowfully, holding the sick man's hand softly.

"Yes, I am very low."

"A high fever, and increasing. I should say—a violent pulse. What have you done for him, Mrs. Throckmorton?" asked the Deacon.

Then came a recapitulation of all that had been done. The Deacon shook his head; he had seen many a similar case, and, critical as it was—he spoke low and looked dubious—he believed if Mr. Throckmorton would submit himself to his direction, there would be little for the physician to do on his arrival.

"O, Sally Ann," exclaimed the patient, "do get whatever the good Deacon wants, and let him cure me."

"Don't be sanguine, my friend," replied the Deacon, solemnly. "You are very bad—very bad, indeed."

All the hot bricks were carried away, all the clothing tossed off a chair was curiously propped beneath the pillows to lighten the respiration, the brown paper wet with vinegar was thrown in the fire, and half a gallon of saltish warm water was administered.

To encourage and fortify his patient in his increasing illness and alarm, the Deacon talked of all the horrible diseases he had ever known of—all the sudden deaths and omens of death-beds—how such a one had been as well as any man at six o'clock, and brought home a corpse at eight—how another from going into a cellar in a heated state had caught his death of cold; and with various other mournful reminiscences, calculated to enfeeble the strongest courage, he followed his first prescription.

At length Mr. Throckmorton announced the belief that he could not survive the night, upon which the Deacon consulted in whispers with the frantic wife, after which he returned to the bedside, and, groaning to himself, or sympathetically, applied cloths wet with camphor to the nose and mouth of the wretched man, and sedately waved before his face a huge palm leaf fan.

At this stage of affairs, a little black apparition bustled into the room, and in a lively, cheerful voice, inquired what seemed to be the matter.

The Deacon waved her aside mournfully, and then, in a whisper which both Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton distinctly heard, communicated the intelligence that he, the patient, couldn't live till midnight, he didn't think; if he survived that, he might possibly live till sunrise.

"Hi, hi!" replied Mrs. Perrin; "don't tell me such scarecrow stories!—he aint going to die to night more than you be."

And approaching the bed, she was about to speak, when the Deacon ruled her out by calling her a meddlesome old woman. Mr. Throckmorton really thought himself too ill to speak at all, and Mrs. Throckmorton was scarcely mistress of her actions: so Mrs. Perrin taking umbrage, as well she might floundered out of the room, saying she didn't think Mr. Throckmorton needed anything but a little nursing—she would go home—she had been up two nights, and was almost sick herself.

An hour passed, during which the salt and water were freely administered, while the sick man intermixed his groans with calls on Sally Ann, who, poor woman, sat wringing her hands and weeping. At the end of that time, the Deacon took the responsibility of sending for Mr. Claverel, apologizing to Mr. Throckmorton by saying he might be needed before morning.

In due time, Mr. Claverel came. He said Mr. Throckmorton was right sick, but not seriously so; and after a little talk about the late damp weather, rheumatism, etc., he grew more cheerful—talking of the election, the next presidency, and affairs of state. The patient professed himself better, or, to use his own words, "he breathed a little easier."

Mr. Claverel was a man of impulses; and upon one of them, he arose and poured the salt and water into the fire, and said he could concoct a medicine of a few favorite roots and herbs that would be miraculous in their effects.

"Do you think it possible for me to live?" asked the patient, opening his eyes for the first time.

"Why, to be sure," replied Mr. Claverel. I will go home and bring from my garden the things I have mentioned; meantime, you must have a flannel shirt on, and have your arms and face bathed with camphor—flannel and camphor, applied in time, will cure any disease; you will need a little strengthening syrup. And with the assurance that he would return early in the morning, bringing medicine that couldn't possibly do any harm, he departed, and the Deacon, a little offended, shortly followed.

Mr. Claverel returned the next day, but did no good, and dozens of others of the neighbors, all of whom had some infallible remedy, made the unfortunate gentleman's ailment an excuse for their ministrations. All to no purpose, however, he rapidly grew worse.

At sunset the great surgeon came. He had a very difficult case to compete with, he said—not only a most dangerous form of of disease, but also the action of the most deleterous nostrums. He could not warrant a cure; Mr. Throckmorton must expect a long and severe illness at best. He had risked the lives of a dozen patients to make the visit, could not possibly remain longer than the night, recommended and executed blood-letting and blistering. Of course, the

patient found no immediate relief; but towards the following morning, under the influence of a powerful narcotic, he fell partially asleep. And, after preparing medicine for two days ahead, and giving the strictest orders for their being administered regularly every half hour, the great surgeon departed.

It no sooner became known that the great Dr. Johns had been summoned, than Mr. Samuel P. J. T. Throckmorton was assumed to be in a most perilous condition; and one and all who knew him came to see him, and each visitor knew of some certain, speedy and safe cure. For a day the great surgeon's prescriptions were adhered to; then the patient began to waver, and on the second morning his faith was quite gone. He was sinking every moment, he said, which was true.

"I suppose it's none of my business," said Mrs. White, "but it seems to me if you would send for my Indian doctor he would help you. He cured Jane Hill when all the doctors had given her up. He bound up her feet in rattlesnake's grease, and cut a live fowl in two, and clapped it right onto her stomach; then he gave her some bitters made of rum and iron rust and sheep's milk, and it was not an hour after she took the first spoonful till she walked from the bed to the fire, and now she wont have no doctor but him."

Westley was sent post haste the distance of twelve miles, and in due time returned, accompanied by Dr. Snakeroot, with a variety of dried roots, snakeskins and herbs. Simples were soon simmering in sheep's milk and the blood of a pullet, charms were uttered, and the miraculous course of treatment begun. But Dr. Snakeroot met with no such success as he was reputed to have had in the case of Jane Hill; on the contrary, the patient grew worse and worse.

"Sally Ann!" (he call was very faint) "send Westley for old Mrs. Perrin. It seemed to me that she did me good the moment she came into the house."

It was a dismal night—rainy, windy, cheerless—and when Westley was seen abroad, it was apprehended that Mr. Throckmorton was dead.

"Cut off in the midst of his usefulness," said one—"a mysterious dispensation of divine Providence" said another. And so in blind ignorance the neighbors lamented.

The rain and the wind drove against the windows, the lamp burned faintly, and the wife, worn down and despairing, answered the moans of her husband. The coach rattled down the gravelled walk—a glad sound to those weary listeners—a step nimbly trod the stair, and the little black apparition reentered the chamber.

"It's a right stormy night," she said, removing and folding her mourning shawl, and placing a small basket on the table. "Bad for cattle that are out."

Then stooping over the bed, she said, in a lively, coaxing way, "Here's Aunty Perrin come to see you. Wont you shake hands with her? Why, your head is sunk down, and you don't lie comfortable, do you?" And she bolstered, and patted, and turned him about, saying directly, "There, isn't that better?" Mr. Throckmorton said yes, it seemed like another bed.

Seating herself on the bedside, she inquired what had been done for him; and when she was told, expressed great wonder that he was alive at all. "They shan't abuse him no more," she said. "Aunty Perrin will just stay and take care of him—so she will."

Adjusting the bed clothing to the proper thickness, she bathed the face and hands of the sick man; and having given him a simple but reviving cordial, trimmed up the lamp, and began some sewing work she had brought with her, talking as fast as she stitched—now of her kicking cow, now of the exorbitant rent she had to pay, and now a little harmless gossip.

Presently the patient fell asleep, and after an hour awoke quite revived—he even thought he could eat a mouthful. "And Aunty Perrin has brought something in her basket," said the good nurse; and spreading a napkin, she arranged the delicacies in the most tempting way. After having partaken, Mr. Throckmorton fell asleep to the music of her tongue, and awoke not till daylight.

I need scarcely say he recovered; for, true to her promise, Aunty Perrin remained nursing and tending him with great care. All who treated him take to themselves the credit of effecting his cure; but when asked what he thinks was most efficacious, he invariably replies, "The common sense of good Mrs. Perrin." Sally Ann shortly became Mrs. Throckmorton again; and as the pair ride in their coach, the good nurse often accompanies them.

A Baltimore inventor has a patent for a suit of flying clothes. By working the arms the man in the clothes mounts heavenward. Waterproof pantaloons and jackets are in one piece. To this is fastened a reservoir of oiled silk, and stretching from shoulders to waist. To each arm is attached a wing made of silk, with steel ribs. After the mortal has essayed the flight of a bird, and is high in air, he hoists a sail. A mast four feet long is jointed to his back, and a triangular sail is set so as to be worked by the feet.

FIRST LOVE.

BY E. P.

Down amid the buttercups,
'Mid the crimson clover,
'Mid the creamy daffodils
When the sun shines over,
You and I together met—
Do you still remember?
Which was it—I quite forget—
August or September?

Love at first sight, was it not?
How we blushed that morning,
And formality despised,
Introductions scorning,
"What's your name?" you said; and I
Answered, "Jack. "What's yours?"
"Nellie," you then made reply;
And we happy wooers

Spent an hour in loving looks
Stolen at one another,
And you told me I was far
Nicer than your brother.
Sticky candy, too, we ate;
Adieu, O youthful heaven!
(Though, 'pon my word, to me 'twas sweet)—
You eight, and I eleven.

An Even Bet.

BY A. O. G.

SLUMBERWELL is the slightly old-fashioned market-town of one of the western shires of "merrie England." It is a sleepy-looking place, except on market days.

The "Boar's Head" is the best—and nearly only—commercial "house" in Slumberwell.

'Now, then, gentlemen, please!—time's up!' shouts the landlord, putting his head into the billiard room at the closing time one night.

"Make it an even bet, and I'll take you, Waggers!" exclaims Harry Daunton, a young man of forward and lady killing appearance.

"Done! Put down your coin, Harry! Ten pounds a side!"

And Mr. Waggers—another young man, square built, shock headed, small-eyed, and with a boisterous frolicsome way—drew out a handful of mixed gold and silver coins, and counted out ten sovereigns on to the green cloth.

"Go it, Waggers! Hullo Daunton, you're in for it! Down with your ten 'quid!'" cried the little crowd of men looking on.

"Time's up, please gents!" this time from Perks, the pot boy, who seemed to make an instantaneous and magic appearance among the party.

It would have been a difficulty to guess even at the age of Perks. Anything between ten and forty. His voice was shrill as a boy's; his height just four feet eleven; face weazened and hairless; head about two sizes too large for his small body, and close-cropped; bandy-legged; and with long, muscular arms.

No one took the slightest notice of Perks's admonition.

"Hand the stakes to Wilkins; he'll hold them!" exclaimed several.

Harry Daunton produced a bank note from his pocket-book, and dropped it among the gold.

"What's it all about?" asked a tall man, with the most "referee ish" look of the party, stepping forward, and gathering up the money with a quite-used-to-it sort of way.

A chorus of explanations followed, with which Perks's shrill "Time's up, gents!" mingled to no purpose.

"One at a time!" expostulated Wilkins, the tall man. "Now, then, Waggers!"

"Well," commenced that individual, "Harry Daunton has just bet me even money—you hold the stakes—that to-morrow—not being market-day, and weather permitting—he will set off from the door below at midday, and proceeding on the left-hand side half a mile down the street—that is to say, as far down as Dowsell's pump—kiss every woman he meets on his own side! Eh, Harry?"

"That's it!" returned Mr. Daunton, confidently. "You'll be there, Wilkins, to see all's square?"

Wilkins nodded, and made a note in the fly-leaf of his betting book.

"Now, gents, time's up!"

Simultaneously the lights went out, and the party followed, scampering and jostling.

* * * * * * *

Why did Mr. Waggers rise next morning with the worm that precedes the early bird, and make such an untimely visit to the "Institute for Aged and Respectable Females," that was situated opposite Dowsell's pump?

"Well, that's a good 'un!" ejaculated old Dame Scaremale, when he had gone. "He says whoever'll have a drop of gin-toddy this cold day, with a rusk to help it down, let 'em come up to the 'Boar's Head' about twelve o'clock. He's a gentleman! I'm on!"

Dame Scaremale was a raw, bony woman, past the prime of life, but with nails and muscles in good condition yet, and a very virago for modesty. It is true she had married a man; but the report goes, he only survived it two months.

* * * * *

Outside the front entrance to the "Boar's Head."

"Now, then, Daunton; it's twelve!" said Wilkins, returning his watch to his pocket. "There are deuced few people in sight!"

"All right," said Harry; "but you fellows—only Waggers and Wilkins to accompany, mind!"

A murmur of assent came from the few who had gathered round to see the start.

"Where's Perks?" shouted Waggers.

"Got half a day's leave, sir," said the landlord, coming forward.

Waggers drew him aside, and some whispering too place.

"All right sir," nodded the landlord, when they had finished. "I'll see they has it as they comes in, sir, and put it down to your account."

Off they start, the unabashed Harry leading on the left hand side; Messrs. Waggers and Wilkins following on the other.

Harry was in luck. Looking down the long street, there scarcely seemed a dozen folks in sight altogether.

First he met a young shop girl, who received his salute with a blush and a stare; then a fresh-colored farmer's wife, who declared "the young man must be mad: but, there! after all——;" then an aged, stout gentleman with his charming daughter, who shrank from him in vain, while her paternal relative could do nothing but snort, and vociferate empty threats after the hence speeding rogue; then he surprised cook and housemaid outside their front door, who only laughed and asked for another, which they didn't get; then it was a girl of about fourteen, whom he kissed to make sure, spilling some of the milk she carried, which he stayed to toss her a shilling for; then a young man with his sleek, corpulent mamma, who considered herself insulted, while her son pulled excitedly at a few straw hairs, (carefully designated by their owner a moustache) and fitted an eyeglass into his eye to see who it was, turning afterwards to his affronted parent, and remarking, "Vewy stwange!"

Then he chanced upon a sour, angular-looking spinster, who had never been kissed before in her life, and rather liked it, but managed to get her open hand sharply on his ears nevertheless; and then, heartily enjoying the fun, and taking by surprise—or, giving rather—what he wanted, without word or comment, he came upon a show that caused him much consternation.

There, filing out of the "Institute," came in pairs, three, and little knots, the good, frequently venerable, but always ugly, widows and spinsters of Slumberwell. It was a terrible sight to him, and he groaned; but looking over the way and noting the infinite relish and mirth of his two followers, he nerved himself and sped forward.

"After all," he argued, "they're all old, and can't show fight or run. It only wants cheek."

Down on the first batch. One after the other he caught them dexterously by the shoulders, and plumped them one—anywhere! Still on he urged, not missing any, first making a pounce against the wall; then, with a bound, across the path into the road, and on to one whose old legs were warily trying to dodge him; and now, two at a time, with an arm round each neck. It was for all the world like a big fox among a huge flock of geese; such a cackling, such a hissing, such a hubbub was never heard before.

He had only another twenty yards further to go. But they kept pressing up in front of him, and closing all round him; he was getting bewildered as to which he had kissed. Things were becoming serious! He could hear two fits of sustained laughter, convulsing two male somebodies over the road. He wouldn't give in! He made a dash at a big, bony woman!

"Scra-ash!" and there was a long, smarting scratch down his face.

"Would ye, now?" inquired Dame Scaremale, trying to repeat the application, as he backed away from her.

A dozen hands were uplifted now, each garnished with formidable-looking nails, and he was getting hemmed in. He wasn't beaten yet, with that laughter ringing in his ears; but plunged and bounced, till suddenly a little old woman, with a very large head, in a very large bonnet, sprang forward with a shrill shriek, and locked a pair of long lithe arms round his neck with the grip of a Gorgon, if the ancient supposition was that their grips were throttling. It was no use; down he went!

Then rose the cry, "To the pump! Put him under the pump!"

Half dragged, half carried, in the midst of a petticoat mob; the little old woman, looking like the antiquated witch of fairy-lore, and Dame Scaremale, being the prime movers.

Appealing vainly for rescue and assistance, he was ignominiously placed under the pump, and not till he was drenched and half drowned did they all scamper off, and leave him to his bitter reflections, and two friends.

* * * * *

That evening there was a supper at the "Boar's Head," to which some dozen nearly were seated. Waggers "stood" it, having been declared the winner of the bet.

Harry Daunton had been duly chaffed and laughed at, and having somewhat recovered his temper—though not his whole skin—consented to act as "vice," while Mr. Wilkins took the "upper end."

"I say, Daunton," exclaimed the president, "wasn't that big woman a Tartar? Let's drink to her!"

"By Jove, Wilkins, it's all very well to laugh; I wish you'd been there!"

"So I was; but could hardly see for laughing."

"That big woman," put in Waggers, "is Dame Scaremale, supposed to be the strongest woman in Slumberwell, though she is turned sixty."

"No, she isn't, then! I'd like to know who that little old woman, with the big head, was? Gad! if ever I meet her alone, not all the chivalry in male human nature shall save her shrivelled old carcase!"

There was a giggle behind his chair. He turned, but only saw Perks.

"What are you making that noise for?" he queried.

A roar went round the table.

"Well, I don't see what you're all laughing at," he said, returning to his supper.

It was "turning-out time" again before they departed, very jovial and rollicking. Neither Messrs. Daunton nor Waggers could have identified, with any degree of certainty, which was the little old woman, and which big Dame Scaremale, in their then happy frame of mind.

CURIOSITIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

FROM Nature we learn the following: About twelve years ago I was residing on the coast of County Antrim, Ireland, at the time the telegraph wires were set up along that charming road. During the winter months large flocks of starlings always immigrated from Scotland, arriving in the early morning. The first winter after the wires were stretched along the coast, I frequently found numbers of starlings lying dead or wounded on the roadside, they having evidently in their flight in the dusky morning struck against the telegraph wires, not blown against them, as these accidents often occured when there was but little wind. I found that the peasantry had come to the conclusion that these unusual deaths were due to the flash of the telegraph messages, killing any starlings that happened to be perched on the wires when working. Strange to say, that throughout the following and succeeding winters hardly a death occurred among the starlings on their arrival. It would thus appear that the birds were deeply impressed and understood the cause of the fatal accidents among their fellow-travelers that previous year, and hence carefully avoided the telegraph wires; not only so, but the young birds must also have acquired this knowledge and perpetuated it, a knowledge which they could not have acquired by experience or even instinct, unless the instinct was really inherited memory derived from the parents whose brains were first impressed by it.

About three o'clock on the 11th of June, I picked up a female butterfly, the head of which had recently been plucked off by a bird, and was lying near the body. Thinking it was dead I carried it home to examine the wing scales. On clipping off a bit of wing, about four hours afterwards the legs moved, and in a short time an egg was laid. Others followed until about five and-twenty had been expelled. The laying then ceased, and the headless mother seemed dead. Next morning, on touching her, the laying was resumed. On close examination a heaving of the wings and rings of the abdomen could be observed, with about the frequency of human breathing. At the end of twenty-nine and a half hours from the time of finding the laying ceased; seventy-eight eggs were laid by the butterfly with her head off.

ORIGIN OF TEA.—The Chinese have the following tradition, relating to the origin of tea:—Darma, a very religious prince, and son of an Indian king, came into China about the year 519, purely to promulgate his religion; and, with the hope of alluring others to virtue by his example, pursued a life of unvaried mortification and penance, eating only vegetables, and spending most of his time, unsheltered by any dwelling, in the exercise of prayer and devotion. After continuing this life for some years, he became worn out with fatigue, and at length closed his eyes, and fell asleep against his will; but, on awaking, such was his remorse and grief for having broken his vow, that, in order to prevent a relapse, he cut off his eyelids, as being the instruments of his crime, and threw them on the ground. Returning to the same spot on the ensuing day, he found them changed into two shrubs, now known by the name of Tea. Darma, eating some of the leaves, felt such vigor imparted to his mind, that his meditations became more exalted, and the lethargy which had previously overpowered him entirely disappeared. He acquainted his disciples with the wonderful properties of these shrubs, and in time the use of them became universal."

Mr. Wentworth Rollins, who is riding from New York to Chicago on a bicycle, is connected with a mercantile house in New York, and is on a vacation. He is not in any sense a professional.

THE FOUR VOICES.

BY A. C.

By sober Brown Beard, whom men guess to have seen
Of Winters and Summers some thirty-and-seven,
Tripped lightly Gold Tresses of sweet seventeen,
The bonniest creature on this side of heaven.

"How pleasant the evening sighs that stir
The rustling leaves as the woods grow dim!"
Such aimless words spake his lips to her,
But his heart was muttering low to him:

"O, that the Summer of life were Spring!
O, to have found her long Summers ago!
Is it yet too late? Would this bright young thing
Give the hope of her youth to—ah, no, no, no!"

"Yes, pleasant it is when the woods grow dim,
To hear the sound of the leaves that stir."
Such trivial words said her lips to him,
But her heart was whispering low to her:

"Is there ever a man like the man that I see,
A man like the Bayard of ages ago?
He thinks me childish and foolish, ah me!
Could he really care for—ah, no, no, no!"

Quoth his lips, "Good-night, you are now at home."
Prayed his heart, "God love her, whose ever she be!"
Said her lips, "Good-night; you were kind to come."
Sighed her heart, "No; he never—could love me!"

Love's Sunlight.

BY A. W. T.

I WISH I were dead! whispered Edith Lynd, as she struggled to keep back her sobs. "What have I to live for?"

Her lips quivered painfully. She had known so much sorrow in her young life. The first memory of her childhood was an old-fashioned room, with a bay window overlooking a stately lawn.

In this embrasure she had spent years. The piano was there, and for years each day she had sat fingering the keys, until at last music became her friend and companion, dearly loved and cherished.

She had a distinct memory of her father—a pale, thin man, dying slowly, but surely, of consumption. Her mother, too, was ever present to her remembrance—a proud, fierce woman, jealous even of her only child. The mad love of her mother for her husband left no room in her heart for Edith.

That jealous death watch wore her out.

In the terrible wrestle with the grim foe she was beaten, and six months after Edith's father was in his grave, her mother followed him.

And then it became known that Mr. Lynd had lived far beyond his income for years before his death.

His creditors raved and stormed. What they could do they did. Every tiny morsel of property they took from his child.

Frightened and wretched, Edith turned to the only friend she had in the world

This was her father's old companion, Mr. Carruthers. Money there was none. Her mother had exhausted every resource after her husband's death.

Thanks to Mr. Carruthers, Edith obtained a situation in the family of Lady Lindsay, a poor but exceedingly proud Scotch lady with a large family of good-looking, healthy daughters.

In her new home she might have lived contentedly, if not happily, but for her great beauty.

Lady Lindsay tried hard to keep her in the background, and her efforts were seconded by her daughters; but it was not to be done.

One more season had run its course, and the hope of the house had failed to fulfil the expectations of her scheming, worldly wise mother.

A score of suitors had dangled about her the whole season long.

During the hot summer nights, peer and baronet had attended Constance Lindsay; but neither one nor the other had committed himself to an open avowal.

Proud—some evil tongue had declared ill-tempered—was Constance Lindsay. For her, money had no charms, position no influence. She yearned for love, pure and simple.

Of all those she had met, only one had reached her ideal.

This was Sir George Holmes. He had been the lion of the season, for he had proved himself to be a brave and daring man.

Tall, dark, full-bearded, with deep grey eyes, a stalwart, handsome frame a restless, wearied manner, such was Sir George Holmes.

Constance Lindsay had snubbed him unmercifully the whole season through. Still he had clung to her, and his gentle respect had touched her heart.

He was to come down for the shooting season, and Constance looked forward to the first days of September with a passionate longing.

As the time grew nearer and nearer, she grew more and more peevish and irritable. Of all the household, Edith felt this most.

It was too hot to walk or ride, and so music was the sole occupation of Constance; and it was during one of her morning exercises that she spoke very harshly to Edith. Edith resented that, and a high quarrel between the two girls was the result.

Edith had the best of it, for Constance had abused her position, and felt ashamed of herself.

But this was unknown to Edith, who could but wonder why such things should be, and sob out her broken sentences in the solitude of her chamber.

And this was why Edith Lynd cried out in anguish of spirit that she "wished she were dead."

The first of September arrived. In a country house it is the great day of the year.

Sir George Holmes felt this in no ordinary degree. He loved the country. For him the woodland and lawn had extraordinary attractions.

He stood on the lawn this bright September morning, looking over the broad meadows.

Suddenly the bushes were divided, and a huge mastiff sprang through with a joyous bark.

"Down, Cæsar—down! Where are your manners, you bad fellow?" cried a silvery young voice. "Come to me this instant, sir!"

The noble hound crouched down, wagged his tail, and looked back with a penitent glance in his great brown eyes.

Sir George followed the glance. A dark, beautiful girl stood before him.

Her lap was full of autumn berries and flowers, some of which she dropped as she started back in surprise. Sir George took off his hat and bowed.

"I am sorry to have startled you," he said. "Permit me."

He stooped and picked up the flowers, holding one little branch of red berries in his hand.

"I presume you are a guest of Sir James Lindsay," he said, "though I have not been introduced to you? Will you permit me to introduce myself? My name is George Holmes."

"And mine Edith Lynd. I am not a guest. I am governess to Sir James's daughters."

"I am charmed to know you, Miss Lynd," said Sir George, smiling. "Ah, there is the breakfast bell. Will Cæsar allow me to be your escort, think you?"

"Thank you; but I would rather return alone. I do not breakfast with the family when—when there is company," faltered Edith, in a half laughing, half embarrassed fashion. "Hark! They are calling you, Sir George. I should never forgive myself if I detained you a moment longer."

"Nor me, I suppose?" he questioned, laughingly.

"I don't know," she answered, in a more serious tone of voice, and like a vision she glided from his sight.

He sighed as he retraced his footsteps and regained the lawn.

Composed as he habitually was, he started as he left the woodland.

Before him stood Constance Lindsay. Her cheeks were white, her lips trembling.

"Come, Sir George," she cried, almost hysterically. "We feared we had lost you. Will you not come to the house? Have you been telling the birds the fate in store for them?"

"No," he said; "I have been admiring a noble hound, and——"

"Talking to Miss Lynd, our governess. She is very beautiful, people say."

"Yes?" said the Baronet, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes. To a foreign taste, now, she would be simply superb."

"There I disagree with you, Miss Lindsay. I have traveled too long and too far in foreign lands to lose my predilections. This may sound paradoxical, but, to appreciate our own dear land, we should leave it."

He felt her hand tremble on his arm.

"You do not propose leaving it again, I hope?" she said.

He shook his head.

"I do not know," he answered. "Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

By this time they had reached the long glass doors of the dining-room, and a second and louder shout welcomed Sir George to the morning meal.

All the long day Edith wandered round the house and through the adjacent plantations.

New music was in her ears, new thrills in her heart. The voice of the grave looking traveler was ever present with her.

She had never met with one so noble and gentle in all her life before.

His words had a strange meaning in them, a wonderful fascination.

She forgot, for a few dreaming hours, her position as a menial of the household. But dream and reverie alike were soon to end.

Just before the dressing bell rang Lady Lindsay knocked at her door. Edith opened it all wonderingly. Her ladyship sailed into the room, and seated herself in the best chair. One look at her stern, haughty countenance prepared Edith for the scene to come. Lady Lindsay held a bank note loosely and negligently in her hand. With this she fanned herself in a languid fashion. When she condescended to speak it was in a harsh, grating voice.

"Miss Lynd," she said, "I have resolved to make an alteration in my household. And as it concerns you as well as others, I think it my duty to apprise you of it as soon as possible."

Edith bowed.

"My daughters are now too far advanced to need instruction except by the very best masters, and therefore I shall not require your services after this week. Let me see—this is Monday; if you could make it convenient, I should like you to leave here on Saturday next," and she handed her the note.

"Very well, Lady Lindsay," said Edith, with a swelling heart.

"I shall be glad to recommend you, of course," quoth her ladyship, rising; "and I sincerely hope you will do as well as most young persons who leave my establishment."

With this, she swept from the apartment.

* * * * *

But Edith was not destined to become a governess again. Servants will talk among themselves, and thus the secret leaked out.

The servants liked and respected the orphan girl.

Her white face and firmly-set lips attracted their sympathy. The news spread through the household.

Tim Donovan, Sir George Holmes' attendant, was full of it, and chatted of it morning, noon and night.

He had accompanied Sir George all through his travels, and was a great favorite of the Baronet. So, with many embellishments, he told the story of Edith, as he gathered it from the servants of Sir James Lindsay, and Sir George was touched to the very heart.

Moreover, Constance had grown capricious and haughty, and so, like a modern St. George, the Baronet went to the distressed damsel's assistance.

At the poor governess's feet he knelt and told his love, and Edith became Lady Holmes; and years after, when a cruel war raged between two great nations, Edith's name was known and honored far and wide.

Wounded men never ceased to speak well of her long after they had reached the dear old land of their birth. Veterans spoke of her as a "guardian angel."

HOW TO GET A LOVER.

IT is doubtful if any more fascinating subject could be broached for the entertainment of young ladies. It is true that boys are not indifferent to the tender sentiment, but they are unable to invest it with that element of romance which catches such witchery from the feminine mind. Girls purify and ennoble the passion, and consequently they have many charms bearing on the subject. They are as quaint and diverse as the natures and dispositions of people. True, most come to us from across the sea. But what of that? Kindred in blood, we ought to be kindred in sentiment, and the American girl will find no difficulty in putting herself in place of the Lancashire lass. For instance, in that quaint and beautiful little province, if the inquirer wishes to know the abode of a lover, an apple pippin is taken between the thumb and finger and, while moving round, squeezed out, when it is supposed to fly in the direction of the lover's house. These words are said at the same time:—

"Pippin, pippin, paradise,
Tell me where my true love lies;
East, west, north or south,
Pilling Brig or Cockermouth."

Girls also formerly practiced divination with "St. Thomas' onion," which they peeled, wrapped in a clean handkerchief, and laid under their heads, saying the following rhyme:—

"Good St. Thomas, do me right,
And see my true love come to-night
That I may see him in the face,
And him in my kind arms embrace."

In Shropshire, to find one's future partner the blade bone of a lamb must be procured, which is to be pricked at midnight with a penknife, and these words repeated:—

'Tis not this bone I mean to pick,
But my love's heart I wish to prick;
If he come not and speaks to-night,
I'll prick and prick till it be light.

In Derbyshire they have a method which it would take a bold heart to perform: the young woman, to find out her future husband, runs round the church corner at midnight, as the clock strikes twelve, and repeats the following:—

I sow hempseed, hempseed I sow,
He that loves me best
Come after me and mow.

After which her destined partner is believed to follow her.

Mrs. Christian Olenson is the fname of a female cabinet-maker residing with her husband in Chicago, who has manufactured nearly all the furniture in her house. Mrs. O is described as thirty-six years of age, tall and straight, fair, pleasant and determined. She was taught her trade by her father in the old country, and puts it to the good use of furnishing her own house in a style that would be envied by the majority of people in better circumstances in life.

Scientific and Useful.

HINTS.—The pulp of potatoes scraped into water cleanses the finest kinds of silks without injury to the fabric or color. If persons who are obliged to take offensive medicine would first put a piece of alum into the mouth, they would then take the medicine with as much ease as though it were sugar.

NEW METHOD OF FLOORING.—A new method of laying the flooring of ground stories of barracks, hospitals, churches and court houses has been introduced in France, and is said to prevent damp and vermin and unhealthy exhalations from the soil below. Instead of laying the flooring on joists it is imbedded in a layer of hot asphalt.

WATER AND LEAD PIPES.—The purer a water is the better it will dissolve lead, and many a good spring water has been spoiled by storing in lead cisterns, being supplied by lead pipes, or pumped through a leaden pump. Slate cisterns are preferable, but they should not be tightened at the joints with red lead, as is usually done.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY.—At the Berlin exhibition there is an electric railway. The power is supplied by a dynamo-electric machine worked by a steam engine to another dynamo-electric machine, which works the wheels of an electric locomotive. The roadway is 300 metres long, and the speed attained is said to be three metres a second, with three wagons and twenty passengers.

IMPROVEMENT IN ARMS.—An invention lately patented consists of an apparatus by which an ordinary breech loading rifle can be temporarily converted into a repeating arm. The device holds ten cartridges, and it can be carried by the soldier in his pocket. It can be fitted on the rifle in a moment, and the ten rounds can be fired as rapidly as the same number of cartridges from any magazine rifle.

ELECTRICITY AND THE COMPASS.—An electric attachment for a mariner's compass has been recently devised for the purpose of announcing to the captain of a vessel, when in his cabin, by the ringing of one or the other of two bells of different tones, whether the steersman has deviated to port or starboard, from the prescribed course. The invention is of doubtful practicability, and is more apt to lead to relaxed than increased vigilance.

STAINING WOOD.—The following has been published as a new method for staining wood so that the color may be pleasing and permanent under exposure to light and air: A strong solution of permanganate of potash is applied to the surface for about five minutes; but a few experiments with different kinds of wood will best determine what length of time the solution should be permitted to act. The wood is then carefully washed and dried.

THE FRENCH-ENGLISH TUNNEL.—For several months no work has been done on the proposed tunnel between France and England. When it was sunk about 130 feet, or half the intended distance, the water poured in in such volume that the pumping apparatus was unable to discharge it. Now a new machine has been constructed capable of emptying 600 gallons of water per minute, and the work of excavation will be pushed on vigorously.

Farm and Garden.

WINDGALLS.—For windgalls use a padded bandage, with astringent lotions; applied two hours a day at first, adding two hours every day after, until it is kept on continually, is the usual remedy. Rest from work is helpful to a cure.

HARNESS POLISH.—To make a good harness polish take of mutton suet two ounces; beeswax, six ounces; powdered sugar, six ounces; lampblack, one ounce; green or yellow soap, two ounces; and water, one-half pint. Dissolve the soap in the water, add the other solid ingredients, mix well, and add turpentine. Lay on with a sponge and polish off with a brush.

THE POTATO BEETLE.—Diluted carbolic acid is found to be a complete exterminator of the potato beetle and other insects infesting crops, and it should be used in preference to Paris green. But it is destructive to plant life unless it is sufficiently diluted with water—one pint of carbolic acid to one hundred parts of water. This important fact should be borne in mind, and, in doing so, there is perhaps no better insect destroyer known.

DROUGHTS.—The following, furnished to an agricultural paper by an old farmer, will prove very useful: In time of drought keep the soil in the finest possible state. When the entire surface is an impalpable powder, and stirred frequently, no crop will be destroyed by any drought that can be experienced on the Atlantic slope. Fine dust is a great absorbent of moisture, and of the fertilising gases that pervade the atmosphere.

THE FUNGUS OF MILDEW.—A writer in the *Ohio Farmer* says: "It is the belief of the observing ones that the seeds or spores of mildew exist during the winter and spring on the bark and buds of vines, ready to vegetate anew when suitable weather occurs in summer. As a possible check to this I am about to wash most of my vines, before the buds open, with carbolic soapsuds. I think this will also tend to lessen the mischievous work of the steel beetle on the buds."

FLIES AND HORSES.—A French veterinary surgeon says that a simple method of preventing flies from annoying horses consists in painting the inside of the ears, or any other part especially troubled, with a few drops of empyreumatic oil of juniper. It is said that the odor of this substance is unendurable to flies, and that they will keep at a distance from the parts anointed. If this treatment should accomplish the alleged result, it will be a great blessing to introduce into the sick room.

CARE OF FLOWERS.—Fuchsias, after being exhausted with blooming, should have the terminal shoots of all the branches cut off; then set aside for two or three weeks, giving very little water; then repot in a soil composed of well decomposed leaf mold, mixed with a sprinkle of good garden soil, a few rusty nails, and a layer of charcoal at the bottom of the pot to secure good drainage. In a few weeks new shoots or flower buds will start all over, growing rapidly. Nip off the tip end of dahlias, shrubs, roses, annuals, etc., if you would have stocky plants, and double to triple the number of blossoms.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FIFTY-NINTH YEAR.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1879.

"HEARTS OR CORONETS"

WE call the attention of our readers to the story, "Hearts or Coronets," commenced in the present number. Although by an author new to the readers of THE POST, it will be found grand in its sketching of character, absorbing in plot, polished in language, and, altogether, one of the most interesting serials that has of late appeared in our columns.

THE ART OF DEPARTURE.

THERE are unhappy mortals who are so utterly ignorant of the art of departure that more or less decisive measures have to be taken to induce them to leave at all. It is a distressing episode when a visitor has to be assisted in making up his mind to go away, in much the same manner as a lame dog is said to be helped over a stile. It is hard to say which appears the greater fool under such circumstances—the guest or his host. A man is in a decidedly false position when, having enticed another into his house, he is unable to coax him to go out of it again. If the art of departure is difficult, that of ejection is harder to learn. The reversal of the engines of hospitality is a very undignified proceeding. There are people who are quite callous to all hints that they have stayed long enough. The deterioration of the champagne, the increasing lightness of the claret, the disappearance of the satin damask furniture under loose covers, and even the feigned indisposition of the host, have no effect upon such gentlemen. When wearily sitting up with our guests in the smoking room to abnormal hours, how anxiously we watch their cigars becoming shorter and shorter! and how mortifying it is, when we think the happy moment has at last arrived, and that we are to be allowed to retire to rest, to see them calmly light fresh cigars before throwing away the ends of the old ones! But sometimes non-smokers are little better behaved. Repeated hints that it is getting late seem merely to have the effect of making our visitors congregate more firmly, and, just as we are hoping for a real move, a wretch firmly fixes his back against the mantel-piece, and deliberately proceeds to open some political question.

THE idle conversation of both men and women is astonishing, the small matters which they talk about for hours, accomplishing nothing by it for themselves or others. Polite wranglings—how they fill our ears at home and abroad. Discussions about occurrences of no consequence to anybody, of what an endless variety they are. Elaborate and detailed accounts of events that are not worth the slightest attention, how busy they keep a ready talker. To say nothing of the gossiping, which works harm to another, and the slanders which are ruinous, there is a fearful amount of idle talk—and all because there is nothing else of which the people are capable. They take nothing in, and they can give nothing out. And yet what a world full of wonders there are to talk about—uplifting, glorifying, purifying truths, facts wrought out before our eyes, unnoticed because the tongue is so busy. The mill rattles on, the grist lies unground, and the world is no better for all its clatter, because the worldlings are so thoroughly given to talk about trifles, they cannot find time to pick up the mental pabulum which lies around them.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A Russian physician, M. Malarevsky, struck by the prevalence of shortsightedness among literary men, proposes that books should be printed in white ink on black paper, and he has made experiments with fifty persons which tend to confirm his view.

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THERE are few women who, if they have exhibited the judgment and tact which generally command a certain measure of happiness in life, arrive at middle age without acquiring an expression of face which is often no bad substitute for actual beauty. Character and experience leave their mark upon the feminine countenance in a more conspicuous degree even than time itself, and when a woman has once passed the age of thirty her face proclaims, with increasing distinctness, whether she is a daughter of wisdom or of folly.

—

A FLOURISHING Parisian art threatens to take root in London. It is an old trick in Paris for extravagant young women to take their lovers into jewellers' shops and to induce these lovers to purchase for them, at an immense price, articles of jewelry made of paste, the ladies and the jewellers sharing the profits between them. I now hear of a dressmaker having in her pay certain elegant females, who get men to order handsome dresses from her which are never sent home. This will probably be accepted as the newest development of the co-operative system.

—

IN these vagaries of fashion there seems for the time being to be a kind of mental derangement—perhaps more correctly the prostitution of intellect, through a deficiency of moral courage. Forty years ago the lady part of mankind fell into a mania for wearing dresses with huge shoulders blown up like balloons. It amounted to a purposeless distortion of the person. So everybody said it was. But the avowal made no difference. Sleeves must be made six times larger than they need be. Shoulders must be distorted, rendered positively ugly. It was the fashion, and that was enough.

—

"THE marine air," says a learned doctor, "produces the same benefit as that of the mountain, but each has a different *modus efficiendi*; the former acts more forcibly and energetically on the constitution which retains some robustness and internal resources to profit by it, while the second acts more gently, with slower efficacy, being thereby more suitable to the weaker and less excitable organizations. From this important distinction, the conscientious physician, who takes the safety of his patient close to heart, ought to be able to discriminate whether the alpine or the marine atmosphere is the better suited to the case he has before him.

—

ONE of the best known sects in Russia is that of the "Khlysti," among whom men and women alike take upon themselves the calling of teachers and prophets, lead an ascetic life, and preach abhorrence of marriage. Under the excitement caused by their supposed holiness or inspiration they commit many extravagances. It has been said by one who was initiated into the mysteries of the "Khlysti," that when several of these teachers come together they dispute with each other in a vain, boasting way, which of them possesses most grace and power, and that in this rivalry they sometimes give each other lusty blows on the ear, and that he who bears the blows most patiently, turning the other cheek to the assailant, acquires the reputation of having most holiness.

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TWO schools are now struggling in Paris of Fashion—one, which may be called loud, goes in for extraordinary and daring things, very largely patterned stuffs, a combination of the most opposite colors; in a word, gives way to all the vagaries of an imagination which knows no law but that of personal taste. The other is still ruled by the old principle of wearing what no one else wears, and still looking like everybody; to produce an effect without seeming to have wished to produce one. This is the classical school. Each of the two camps has its leaders. We do not wish to speak ill of the Sensationists and Independents, but they must take care. They need very much tact not to touch on the ridiculous. One must be a born colorist to-day to know how to dress well, and to choose between the thousand fancies of fashion. Each woman is in her way a *tableau vivant*, and if she abuses what she borrows she is apt to be ridiculous.

—

that ladies must read up historical dress in order to advise their dressmakers in the matter of good selections. The study of old masters and attentive consideration of pictures (sixteenth century), will greatly assist individual idea. Horizontal runnings are another indication of copy from the Italian masters. The low Rubens bodice, filled in to the throat with Indian muslin, are commencing. The coiffe is another item. We have likewise gathered skirts in pompadours (both cotton and silk), which all are familiar with, flat pleats round the waist not having appeared in our own times before 1852. The bodices are cut long, with rounded peaks in front and behind. The skirt opens in front, and is looped like a curtain on each side to show an underskirt that is adorned with gathered flounces and very narrow. The statuesque styles will not take in Paris. If not very becoming they convey a clothes basket idea.

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GIPSY tea-tables, those pleasant helps to gossip, were an institution in China before they were dreamt of here. Perhaps the gipsies brought them from China itself, via India and Egypt—if such were their origin, and if they followed that route. The guest-room in every yamen is furnished simply, but it is well supplied with gipsy tables. At the farther or upper end of the apartment, in the middle of a raised platform about two feet high, is placed a small wooden table, so low that, when seated on the platform, you can easily place your arms upon it. On each side of the table, cushions, covered with red stuff, compose a sort of divan or sofa. Two rows of arm-chairs, face to face, between each pair of which stands a little dwarf tea-table, complete the sociable arrangement. If in furniture, as in botany, priority of scientific nomenclature gave the right of prevalence to the names of things, a gipsy table would henceforth be known only as a tchaki.

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MELONS having made their appearance on the dinner table, it may be permitted, particularly at this dull season of the year, to remark that melons have had the rare privilege of exciting the appetite of the most august epicures. The melon comes originally from Asia. It was a favorite with most of the Roman Emperors, and particularly Tiberius. In the seventeenth century the melon began to be cultivated in Europe and particularly in France. There exists a treatise on gardening, published by Claude Mollet, gardener of Louis XIII., in which some excellent directions are laid down for its culture. The fine melons grown in the environs of Paris are called cantaloups. The name comes from Cantalupo, a country residence of the Popes, which became very celebrated in the fifteenth century for its fruits, and particularly for its melons. The therapeutic virtues of the melon are insignificant; the ancients attributed to it one, that of calming the passions.

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A NEW style of table-cloths has been introduced by a famous Parisian house. The damask is called crape damask, it covers the table like all other cloths, but along the sides each cover is parted from the other nearest ones right and left by a long slit, which is rounded as it descends in lambrequin style. The contours are drawn work, and in and about this lace looking ornamentation are embossed scarlet designs. The great point is that a table-cloth can never be dragged off, and it fits on a board as tightly as a toilet cover. The corner slit is buttoned over, and at all four corners there are slits. The aspect is that of hanging banners all round the sides of a board. The same firm has another damask innovation. It is that of rough sketched landscapes, so admirably woven with blue thread in the tissue that the design looks like a blue chalk sketch. The best subjects are hunting scenes. Here are wide spreading elms, with startled deer darting across a lawn. The backgrounds are faint blue and the foregrounds deep.

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IT must be admitted that there is satisfaction in setting one's own individuality, as it were, on the style of dress preferred and adopted, but tact more than ordinary taste is required. Ladies may be reminded that the neck of a bodice and its sleeve sufficiently show the style and period its wearer is desirous to recall. Attention, too, is essential in the selection of colors, which should be brick, any of the tans or browns, peon, Russian blue, grayish blue, olive green and amaranth or red clover. Any of the old gold shades relieve these. The general features are pointed, peaked and whaleboned waists, with fulness over the bust, close ruffs or stand up collars, the latter not too high, but more in the rounded, sailor shape, and puffed sleeves. The latter are varied by either having one puff on the armhole and another over the elbow, or by wearing perpendicular puffs in several places. Puffs are also slashed with satin bands, but a pretty sleeve is cut on the cross, wide at the top and narrow on the wrist. Yellows, browns and violets are colors for puffs, with a sober green ground for chief material, and they should be of satin. Bodices, which already fasten at the back and sleeves, which are sewn in the armholes very high, indicate

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THERE exists in Denmark a singular institution, established mainly for the benefit of the daughters of the nobility. When a man of wealth is blessed by the birth of a daughter he causes her to be enrolled at this institution, paying a very small sum, with a fixed annual payment of a moderate amount. When the young girl reaches the age of twenty-one years she not only finds herself in possession of a very comfortable little income, but she has a right to occupy and enjoy a fine apartment, well furnished, in an elegant house, with parks and gardens, and her companions will be ladies, young or old, who are members of the association. It is not obligatory upon a member to live longer at the chateau or more frequently than suits her convenience. If the father dies and the young girl is unprotected, she has an asylum at once, even if the subsequent annual subscriptions are not liquidated, and when she attains her majority her annual income begins. If she should die or marry, her interest in the association passes to the general fund. If she should be married when she is twenty, all that is paid in by her father accrues to the association, and it is this source of income that enables the institution to demand only a small annual subscription, which renders it easy for a father to meet the demand, with the assurance that if his daughter cannot be married without a marriage portion she will at least be in the enjoyment of a comfortable home for life. This institution has been prosperous at Copenhagen for sixty years.

—

THE clipper tea ship races from China home to London have become almost obsolete. Great interest attached to them, and large sums of money were wagered on the results. It occurred more than once that two of these magnificent vessels, starting from Hong Kong together, would go out to sea, lose sight of each other, and finally pass up the Thames within half an hour of each other. The passengers have been known to make up purses for the successful captains of as much as $5 000—an agreeable contingency, which was in itself a great inducement to embark in these trials of seamanship, to say nothing of the advantage derived from getting first into the market with the new crop. The great ocean steamers which have succeeded to the tea business since the opening of the Suez Canal show the same rivalry, and the excitement and eagerness attending the effort to get to London first would make one think there was a tea famine in England. From Hankow to the mouth of the Yangtsze is a distance of 600 miles, in great part a tortuous and dangerous channel, and for this distance these huge steamers are raced night and day. As a result of this practice, a favorite vessel, the Loudoun Castle, was recently driven, in the middle of the night, into a rice field at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. She had 3 500 tons of tea on board, which she was to take to London in thirty nine days, at a compensation of $30 a ton, or $21 000 for the voyage. At last accounts the captain was compounding with two river steamers to haul her out of the field, a service for which they insisted on having 30,000 taels.

HOW LONG?

BY W. W. S.

If on my grave the summer grass were growing,
Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June or desolate December,
How long sweetheart, how long would you remember,
How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking,—
How long, dear love, how long?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses;
Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses—
How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay, in June, you may be to regret me,
And living lips may woo you to forget me:
But, ah, sweetheart, I think you will remember,
When winds are weary in your life's December,—
So long, dear love, so long!

Paul's Marriage.

BY H. C.

CHAPTER I.

EVERY one wondered when Paul Gascoigne married, though indeed, considering that he was a man of considerable fortune, there would have been cause to wonder if he had not.

For the past eighteen years Mr. Gascoigne had been abroad, no one knew where; and no one altogether cared to ask him when he came home, bronzed with travel and prematurely gray, a year before startling the world with the announcement of his marriage.

Paul Gascoigne kept himself to himself. That there was a shadow over his life none doubted; yet nobody knew the reason that had driven him abroad at one-and-twenty away from his own house and home. Every one knows his own secrets best, and Paul Trevor Gascoigne kept his well. Nobody knew why he went, or why he came back after eighteen long years, and was now, at forty-one, a stern reserved man, erect and strong, with bright deep blue eyes, but hair and moustache gray before their time.

And, had people known it, the manner of his marriage was romantic enough. Mr. Gascoigne, who, if he was nothing else, was certainly a sportsman to the backbone, was returning, after tramping many weary miles, to his desolate little shooting-box on a Scottish moor, one hot afternoon. The sun was sinking westward in dying splendor, and all was very calm and peaceful, when the stillness was broken by a woman's scream.

Throwing down his bag and gun, Mr. Gascoigne set off at a run towards the river, whence the cries proceeded. Reaching the high bank, he looked down through the network of overhanging branches to see a girl's white, despairing face and two uplifted arms clinging to a branch, while her body was lifted up by the rapid current. The sun shone on the upturned face and terror-filled eyes, on the small hands clinging convulsively to the branches.

"Hold on!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne frantically, divesting himself of coat and boots; and, scrambling down the high bank, he sprang in just as, with a last cry of "Help, help!" the girl's hands slipped from their hold, and the white figure was swept down the stream.

She rose and sank as Mr. Gascoigne struck out, trying vainly to grasp her as she rose again. It was a critical moment, for the river was deep there and full of holes; but, just as the dark, rushing water was closing over her head, he caught her long masses of hair and succeeded in bringing her safely to land, nearly a quarter of a mile from the spot where he had seen her first. Dripping he stood, with his lifeless burden lying beside him, looking with concern at the deathlike features.

"Poor little thing, I'm afraid she's dead," he thought, as he rubbed her hands and tried to bring back life and circulation. Then he remembered that he had a flask of brandy in his coat pocket and ran back for it.

He had not scoured the world for eighteen years for nothing, and this girl was not the first fellow creature he had rescued from drowning; so in a short time he had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with success, and of beholding two violet eyes opening for a second, to be veiled again immediately by the long, wet eyelashes that drooped over the white cheeks.

"All right," said her deliverer, pouring a few more drops of brandy between her blue lips. "And now what am I to do with her?"

Standing up, he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked round. Not very far off was a roof between the trees, so in that direction he decided on bending his steps. Stooping, he lifted the girl's slight form in his arms, and stepping out, looking down anxiously at the face hanging back on his arm, with its wealth of bright brown hair hanging in a wet mass back from her forehead, and beginning to wish he could see the deep violet eyes again.

It did not take him very long to reach the green gate that belonged to the house he had seen through the trees. A pretty little cottage it was—one mass of climbers and creepers. A graveled path, neat and trim, led up to the house. Up the path tramped Mr. Gascoigne, hatless and coatless, water pouring from every thread, and streaming from his white robed burden. An old gentleman sitting on the porch raised his eyes, and with a cry hurried forward.

"My child! My child!" he cried in great agitation, laying trembling hands on the still white face.

Mr. Gascoigne hastened to relieve his anxiety.

"She is not dead," he said quickly. "I had the happiness to be able to save her. And now, sir, you must be calm. Send for a doctor—there is no time to be lost."

He went quickly past the old gentleman, up to the house, bending his head as he entered the low door-way, half hidden by roses and jasmine. Right into the trim pretty drawing-room he walked, and there laid his burden on the little chintz-covered sofa.

"Wife, wife," the white-haired old man was calling in terrified accents, "come down! Dorothy is nearly drowned."

And forthwith a little old lady with silver curls and spectacles came hurrying in, and stood aghast at sight of a tall gentleman standing in a pool of water, as he bent over the sofa holding Dorothy's slender wrist in his hand. He raised his head and looked round at the two old people standing crying helplessly as they gazed at the girlish, deathlike face resting on the sofa-pillow.

"She must be put to bed," he said. "I will carry her to her room, if you will show me the way," he added gently to the terror-stricken old lady. "She has only fainted—you must put her in hot blankets immediately."

"He saved her," said the old man in his quavering voice. "He saved her—Heaven bless him!"

Mr. Gascoigne carried Dorothy up-stairs and into her little pink-and-white chamber. He was glad to see a strong comely young servant-girl who at least seemed to have her wits about her, and into her care he committed Dorothy, whose eyes were once more looking wonderingly up into the dark bronzed face of the man who had saved her.

"She'll do now," he said, smiling down at her. "Wrap her up very warmly and get the doctor as soon as you can."

The gardener was dispatched for the doctor, who soon arrived, to find Dorothy with very flushed cheeks and bright eyes, saying she was quite well.

Mr. Gascoigne, attired in the old gentleman's dressing gown, was waiting with some impatience for the arrival of dry garments for which a boy had been sent to his shooting-box.

"You saved that girl, sir?" asked the doctor, shaking his hand warmly. "She is the life and joy of the old people. You don't feel any the worse of the ducking?"

"Not now," Mr. Gascoigne replied. "I hope the young lady is all right. She is their grand-daughter, I presume?"

"Just so—and a sweet little thing she is. Her mother died when she was born, and her father, Colonel St. John, a few years later; she has lived here ever since, and old Mr St John idolizes her."

Mr. Gascoigne called the next day to inquire after the welfare of Miss St. John, and found her in the garden in blue muslin and a straw hat, looking a little pale, he thought.

"You are none the worse, I hope?" he said, holding her hand and looking down at the shy, childlike face.

Dorothy raised her eyes for a second to the kind blue ones that softened the expression of Paul Gascoigne's face.

"I have to thank you," she faltered, "for saving my life."

"Thank Heaven I was in time!" he murmured fervently, his hand closing over hers.

"But Miss St. John, do you know I was afraid it was all up with both of us at one time yesterday?"

The girl's fair face grew suddenly grave; she caught her breath suddenly; and then looked up with deep trusting eyes to his.

"I knew you would save me," she said, with childlike earnestness.

"You are a subtle flatterer, Miss St. John," he rejoined, laughing.

"Miss St. John! Nobody ever calls me that," said Dorothy. "I don't know myself by that name."

Mr. Gascoigne bent his tall figure to look into the sweet face the young freshness of which was so attractive to him.

"What shall I call you then?" he asked, smiling under his gray moustache. "Shall it be Dolly?"

"Yes," she assented, smiling. "I like that better than Dorothea or Dorothy."

* * * * *

And only a few weeks later Mr. Gascoigne came one dewy evening to the little cottage and set the little silver haired lady and gentleman all in a flutter and tremor of agitation by a few simple words that were deeply felt and earnestly spoke.

"I want her for my wife," he said; "I love her very dearly."

Little old Mrs. St. John clasped her small mittened hands tightly, and looked at the tall figure of Mr. Gascoigne, who in the gray twilight, looked like a giant in the tiny room.

"For your wife?" she said at last, with a little sigh. "But Dorothy is in the garden" she added softly. "Ask the child herself."

So out into the garden he went, where the scent of the sweet old-fashioned flowers made the night air heavy with fragrance. She saw him coming as she stood leaning against the low white gate, and held out a small hand that he clasped close in his with a warm pressure.

"Come," he said, never loosing his hold of the small trembling fingers; "Dolly, I want to speak to you."

She lifted her face, and looked up at him in the twilight.

"To speak to me? What is it, Mr. Gascoigne?"

"I am going away," he said shortly; and he felt how the little hand in his clasp started.

"Going away!" Then Dolly, as she realised what those two words meant, knew her own secret, and snatched her hand away.

Paul Gascoigne laid one hand on her shoulder, and stooped to look into her face.

"Yes, I am going away; but"—her head drooping—"Dolly, I want you to come with me. I want you for my wife, for my very own."

And Dolly felt that in all the whole wide world no one was so happy as herself, when Paul Gascoigne took her in his strong arms and told her how he loved her.

Before a month was over they were married, and Mr. Gascoigne brought his young wife home.

CHAPTER II.

HOME! Dolly clung a little closer to her tall husband's arm as they entered the grand old hall of Mr. Gascoigne's home, bowed in by the obsequious butler.

"Oh, Paul, how grand your home is—like the old houses in books!"

Mr. Gascoigne looked on with an amused, loving expression on his face. Dolly, catching his eye, laughed.

"Do you like the old place?" he asked. "Come, and I will show you the drawing-room."

The glory of the western sun was shining in through the wide windows, gleaming and flashing on Dolly's fair face, and lighting up her wondrous violet eyes with new beauty.

"Look!" she cried. "Oh, Paul, how lovely!"

They were standing in one of the deep staircase-windows looking out over the park, where the sun was flashing on the yellow and crimson dying leaves that were losing their summer splendor now. Paul Gascoigne's eyes rested on his wife's face. He stooped and kissed her.

"Darling, I am so happy now! I forget I was almost broken-hearted once."

"When, Paul?" she whispered, looking softly up, with eyes bright with happiness.

"When?" he repeated, and a cloud crossed his face. "It is nearly twenty years ago, my wife, and I may forget it now."

"But what was the trouble, Paul? You never told me."

"And I never will," he answered, with a sort of regretful sorrow in his voice. "Dolly, the past is over, and we will let it rest."

Afterwards Dolly remembered the look in her husband's face as he spoke, when the full meaning of his words became clear to her. But she asked him no more then, standing at his side in silence and looking with deep thoughtful eyes out at the setting sun. Dearly as she loved her husband young Mrs Gascoigne felt that she was not altogether in his confidence; there was a something wanting to complete her happiness. And Dolly wanted to be everything to him—his companion, counsellor, the sharer of all his secrets.

Mr Gascoigne guessed some of the thoughts that filled her heart as she stood gravely beside him. Stooping, he drew her close to his side.

"You wouldn't be a jot happier, love, if you knew."

"But you might be less unhappy. Paul, if we could talk it all over together"—stroking his hand and looking affectionately up at him.

"Unhappy! What put that into your head, child? How could I be anything but happy when I have everything I want?" Dolly laughed softly. "Come," smiling—"it must be time for dinner."

"And I must go and dress," returned Dolly, with a sudden pleasant recollection of various pretty dresses brought from Paris.

Mr Gascoigne patted her cheek.

"Well, run off; but you have only fifteen minutes to beautify yourself."

For fully five minutes after she left he stood by himself in the window looking out vacantly at the dying splendor of the sunset, and thinking of that time he had hinted at to his wife—the time that had cast a shadow over him. Then he went gravely and quietly to his dressing-room.

* * * * *

Mr. Gascoigne sat in his own private study the day after his return home, his head bent over the table, letters and papers littered about in confusion. There was a little frown upon his brow. In his two months' absence business matters at Burwood had accumulated, and Mr. Gascoigne liked to manage things himself. For two hours he had been hard at work over accounts with the steward.

"I will finish them to-morrow, Burns," he said at last. "I have letters to write now, and you may go."

And he had just settled himself to his work again—a foreign letter now, and one that evidently cost him much deep thought—when the door was opened softly and two delicate white hands were laid on his shoulders.

"Oh, Paul, I thought that man was never going away!"

The little frown deepened on Mr. Gascoigne's forehead; he took his wife's hands off his shoulders and held them in his own gravely. Dolly's eyes wandered to the letters littering the table, and fell upon the one he was writing.

"A foreign letter, Paul?" she inquired.

"Dolly, you can't come in here"—his hand closing firmly on hers.

"Why?"—kneeling beside his chair and looking quickly up at him.

There was a stained-glass window at one end of the room, and the colors—crimson and violet—fell across her fair upturned face. Mr. Gascoigne's stern expression never altered.

"All I have is yours, my wife, but this one room. I work here for two hours every day, and, dear, I cannot be disturbed—not even by my wife."

"But, Paul, if I may sit by you, I won't even speak." There was loving entreaty in her eyes. "Please," she whispered.

"No," he answered, pressing a kiss on the quivering, sensitive mouth. She was bitterly disappointed. "Now go, my child," he said.

And Dolly went slowly, paused at the door, and looked back. The iron-gray head was bent over the papers again, the crimson light from the window falling across his hand as if it had been dipped in blood. So Dolly thought, with a sudden shiver, as she wended her way up-stairs, to cry as if her heart would break. An hour later Mr. Gascoigne joined her, loving and tender as usual.

"Here I am," he said, "all for yourself, little wife. Work is over for the day."

The blinds were down. Dolly kept her back to the light, and he never saw the traces of bitter weeping in the eyes that met his. From that day they lived and loved, but the wife never again tried to creep nearer to her husband to read his very heart and be all in all to him. From that day Mr. Gascoigne's study was never invaded by her bright presence.

"Dolly," he said one morning at breakfast, "my sister will stop a night with us on her way to Scotland."

Dolly had never seen any of her husband's relations. She looked up now quickly.

"Your sister Florence?"

"Yes; she says he will be here on Thursday or Friday."

Miss Gascoigne arrived, and one conversation with her effectually banished Dolly's peace of mind for ever. Mr. Gascoigne was not in the room. Miss Gascoigne after scrutinising her brother's wife, said suddenly—

"What a child you are! Paul must be twenty years older than you, I should imagine."

"Yes," assented Dolly, smiling; "but Paul looks older than he is."

"And no wonder," rejoined Miss Gascoigne. "He has gone through a great deal."

The young wife's cheek burnt hotly; he had gone through a great deal, but she knew nothing about it. Miss Gascoigne's next words sent all the blood from her face.

"You were very courageous to become a second wife," she said.

A second wife, and Paul had never told her he had been married before! But before Miss Gascoigne's keen eyes the young girl showed no sign. She looked up and answered bravely, with a smile, though her heart was beating wildly—"Does it require much courage?"

"Perhaps not," replied Miss Gascoigne, scrutinizing the eyes and lips that were holding out so boldly, and carefully watching the effects of her words. "But his first marriage ended so unhappily—and yet we thought he idolized her. Oh, it was a terrible affair altogether!"

Dolly made no sign, asked no question, but, when Mr. Gascoigne's sister was gone, she went up to her husband that night in the gloaming and hid her face on his breast.

"Paul," she whispered, "why do you not trust me?"

"Why, Dolly?"

She raised her bright eyes and looked up at him through gathering tears.

"Paul, you never told me you had been married before."

Even in the dusk she saw the change that came over his face, before he put upone hand quietly across his eyes to hide the expression there. There was silence for fully a minute—then he spoke.

"Dolly, who told you about my first marriage?"

"Your sister, Paul;" and word for word she repeated in her low soft voice what Miss Gascoigne had said. "Paul, Paul, why should you keep your life a secret from me?" asked Dolly sadly.

"My past life is my own," he answered, looking down at her. "I tell you that in the present life you are everything to me. Thank Heaven, the past is gone! I have your true love at least."

"Paul!" whispered the low girlish voice; but Mr. Gascoigne stood up.

"No more questions, darling! I was married before, nearly twenty years ago; but you have a grown man's strong, abiding love. Dolly, little Dolly, let it all rest for ever."

His strong arms were around her, his tender face with loving eyes bent down to hers. Dolly clung to him tightly.

"Paul, you have suffered and endured. I am your wife; won't you tell me all?"

He bent his gray head over her fair brow, she leaning against his breast, and his voice was low and broken.

"My darling, the suffering is all over; I forget it all in your love."

Yet those twenty sealed years of her husband's life made Dolly sadly miserable at times. What was his first wife like, and why should his face change so at mention of that first marriage?

"He is thinking of her," thought Dolly often, as Mr. Gascoigne sat grave and silent till his wife laid her soft cheek against his; and then the grave face would light up with a smile, and she was happy. Yet what was love without confidence?

What though his face brightened at sight of her as nothing on earth had power to brighten it! What though his whole life seemed wrapped up in her Dolly was not content. Those unknown years came between her and her happiness; and yet, when the day came that all was made plain, she would have given life itself never to have known the secret of her husband's life.

One morning the post-bag contained but one letter in a foreign envelope for Mr Gascoigne. Dolly was used to this mysterious correspondent, and took no notice till a sudden exclamation from her husband made her look up.

"What is it, Paul?" she asked, wondering at the agitation of his face.

"Nothing," he answered, hastily crushing the letter into his pocket.

And the wife knew from his face that she need ask no more. His horse was brought round—he volunteered no information. She asked no question save as to whether he would be back to dinner.

"I can't say," he responded—"I am going into the town on business; but I will get back as early as I can. Good bye, little wife. What will you do all day?"

"I don't know"—looking wistfully up at him with eyes that were misty with tears.

"Why, my pet, what is it?" he cried in a tone of loving concern. "Dolly, what is the matter?"

"Paul, something has happened, and you will not tell me?"

He laid both hands on her shoulders, and looked down steadily at the fair, quivering face.

"Wife, won't you trust your husband?"

"But, Paul?"

"No 'buts,' Dolly. Heaven knows I would tell you all if I could. Kiss me darling, before I go."

Very lovingly he held her in his arms, and yet Dolly was saying over and over again to her own heart, "If he loved me less, and trusted me more!" But he smiled as he left her, and looked back to say—

"Dolly, I wish, if you have nothing to do, that you would arrange the books in my study for me—but don't tire yourself over them, dear."

Long afterwards he remembered her as she stood in her radiant, girlish beauty, sweet, loving, and earnest, answering the look of love in her husband's eyes.

Mr. Gascoigne rode away with that picture in his memory, and Dolly went to the study singing softly to herself, the mysterious letter, Paul's past history, all forgotten in the thought that he loved her dearly.

CHAPTER III.

IT took a long time to arrange even half the shelves of books in the study, for Dolly paused and peeped into them; But they were fixed at last and she turned from them to a drawer seemingly filled with old magazines and papers. Dolly thought that they wanted sorting and arranging, and, sitting on the floor, she commenced her work. There was a large pile of old newspapers tied up with a black ribbon.

Dolly looked at the date of the first paper, to find it was of twenty years previously, and, opening it slowly, cast her eye careiessly over the columns. Suddenly her attention became riveted by the ever recurring mention of one name—Paul Trevor Gascoigne. She glanced at the head of the column, and every particle of color forsook her face.

"Paul, Paul! Oh, Heaven, it is not true!" broke from her white lips, as with a terrible fascination she read line after line and opened paper after paper, the horror increasing in her face, her quivering lips whispering one name again and again.

She had discovered the secret of her husband's life at last. In mute grief with great tearless eyes filled with an expression of agony unspeakable, she was reading the trial of Paul Trevor Gascoigne for the murder of his wife. It had happened in Scotland twenty years before. A sob burst from Dolly's lips as she came to the verdict—one that might well nigh break a man's heart were he innocent—"Not proven."

"Paul, Paul, my husband! Oh, Heaven!"

And prone on the floor, with bowed head that cared not if it was never raised again, lay Dorothy Gascoigne, with cold clenched hands and fevered brow, enduring such anguish as few are ever called upon to go through.

Slowly, with cold shaking fingers, she wound the black ribbon around the papers, and put them back into the drawer; feeling, as she closed it, that she was putting away the love of her life for ever. The pale quivering lips were firmly closed with a new resolute expression.

Then, with a sudden rush, the blood surged from her heart to the poor pale cheeks; and for a moment the old loving look stole into the eyes that were wont to smile so gladly at sound of that horse's feet, heralding her husband's return home, the stroke of whose hoofs now filled her with an agony akin to madness. Dolly never knew afterwards how she subdued all sign of what she had gone through, and turned a face only a shade paler than usual to greet her husband.

"I have come home to lunch, after all," he said; and then suddenly added, "Why, Dolly, how white you are! Those old books have tired you. My darling, what is it?"

There was no answer; her face was hidden on his breast. He stooped to kiss her, but she never lifted her head—she only clung to him closer in an agony of love and longing.

"Not proven!" Those two words seemed burnt like fire into her brain. "Not proven!" With such an idea swelling in her heart; could she let his lips press here—the false lips that must have spoken lies to be where he stood now, his wife in his arms?

His wife! Dolly broke from him and sped away up-stairs to be alone, the dread, the horror of what she knew blanching her cheek anew, making her knees tremble, her breath came fast.

And yet she loved him, and would love him always. Can anything on this earth ever quench a woman's love?

"Dolly!"

"Come in"

Mr. Gascoigne came softly through the darkened room and up to the sofa where his wife was lying with hidden face; he knelt down beside her.

"You won't be lonely, dear? I am going out again." He was softly stroking one of the hot, feverish hands. "Is the headache bad? Poor little Dolly! I am afraid you tired yourself over those stupid books; but you will go to sleep—I won't be long away."

She turned and wound her arms around his neck and clung to him despairingly.

'Kiss me, Paul."

'My Darling!"—bending low and pressing loving kisses on the pale lips that never smiled, but only wailed out her face pressed to his—

"Paul, Paul, remember I loved you always."

And Mr. Gascoigne went away that afternoon with the remembrance of those arms clinging around his neck and a sobbing cry echoing in his ears, leaving his wife, as she believed, his last kiss upon her lips—the kiss she told herself she would give him back in heaven. And, while scalding tears ran down like rain, the wife prayed for her husband—prayed that they might meet again in a better world at peace—forgiven.

* * * * *

It was dark when Mr. Gascoigne rode leisurely home under a clear frosty sky, the cold stars paling and twinkling high aloft and peeping through the bare branches of the trees.

They told him at home his wife had gone out and had not yet returned.

Without a word Mr. Gascoigne walked off to his study, anxiety written on his features. On the study-table lay a little note. Mechanically he opened it, and read the few lines there in his wife's handwriting.

"I am going away for ever; do not try to find me. Paul we shall meet in Heaven. Good-bye.

"DOLLY."

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER two months' hurrying to and fro, going hither and thither, two long weary months of vain fruitless search, Mr Gascoigne returned home utterly broken down in spirits, and now sat in his study.

He had heard no tidings, gained no clue to his wife's hiding-place—she seemed farther off from him now than she had seemed the night she had left his home and he had set alone, her little broken hearted letter of farewell in his hand.

A telegram lay upon the chimney-piece on the top of a pile of letters. The blood rushed in torrents to Mr. Gascoigne's face as he hastily tore it open.

"It came two days ago, sir," said the old man servant Bernard; and then, as he noted the agitation of his master's manner, "Is it from the mistress, sir?"

"Yes."

For his life Paul Gascoigne could not have uttered another word, with the telegram in his hand, the few scant words dancing before his eyes—

"Paul, I am dying! Come to me at once."

He looked up at last, and his voice was almost steady as he said:

"Your mistress is ill in London. I must catch the night mail, Bernard." Then he bowed his head on his arm with a heavy groan.

"And this came two days ago—forty eight hours. She may be dead now. Oh, my wife—my wife!"

Bernard, the tears trickling down his face, stole noiselessly away to leave his master alone with the agony of grief that followed during the weary hours that elapsed before the night mail was due.

And all through that long night journey did ever a thought of his first wife cross his mind? When his face turned palest, was he thinking of that terrible secret the knowledge of which was bringing to the grave the only being in the world he cared about? But he knew not then that his wife had unwound the fatal black ribbon and read those papers upon the contents of which no eyes had rested for years but his own; and his brain throbbed and ached with the strain of the one thought that was in his mind night and day—Why had Dolly left him?

* * * * *

In a London hospital, where grief and agony are common enough, the sight of a man with his face white with anxiety is common enough; and yet when Paul Gascoigne, pale and haggard, gasped out in a voice hoarse with feeling: "Am I too late? Tell me at once," the doctor almost shrank from that agony of expression in the eyes that met his, the despairing grief of the strong, manly face.

"I can bear it; quick—tell me," Paul cried in his passionate eagerness.

"Your wife still lives."

"Thank Heaven!" he echoed, drawing a long deep breath, and a soft look stealing into his eyes. "Take me to her," he said.

"Yes—this way," said the doctor.

* * * * *

"Wife, darling!" gasped Paul, as with a heart throbbing with anguish he stood looking down at the awful change in his wife's lovely child like face, lying white and death-like on the pillow.

The nurse stole one look at him, and then crept away at sight of the despair on the stern face, the strong man's pain-filled eyes gazing through a mist of scalding tears at his wife, who lay all unconscious of his presence. But as he knelt and hid his face, she moaned, and whispered, sobbing—

'Paul, Paul!"

He held her hand fast, whispering her name and a look of wondrous content stole over her face. But suddenly her eyes met his, and hers filled with horror.

'Not proven!' she gasped. "Paul—husband! Not proven!'

As those two words passed her lips, a light broke over Mr Gascoigne's face. He knew all at last. Drawing her face to his breast, he said low and softly:

"I know what you mean Dolly; but it is all a mistake. And when you get well, darling, I will explain all."

And quickly, as he looked down into the eyes gazing up into his, heart answered heart. She believed and trusted him then fully and entirely.

"Paul, forgive me before I die," she said faintly.

"Live for me, my wife," he whispered, stooping and kissing her.

With a sigh of perfect satisfaction, Dolly's head drooped again upon the broad shoulder where she had deemed she would never lie in this world again.

Paul's eyes were full of tears. He held her tightly in his arms. She was his own again.

"Heaven give her back to me!" he was saying over and over again. And his prayer was heard.

* * * * *

"Ah, but, Paul, how was I to know there was another Paul Trevor Gascoigne?" asked Dolly.

"Only, Dolly, you might have believed your husband."

Dolly, sitting on a low stool at his feet, laid her soft cheek on his hand, resting on his knee.

'Paul, she whispered, low and falteringly, "I thought when I read those papers I must die or go mad."

Paul Gascoigne and his wife were at home again. It was a lovely summer evening, and they were finishing a long conversation.

"My poor cousin," Paul was saying—"it was strange we should bear the same name, and, Dolly, you must believe, as I do, that though the verdict was 'Not proven' he was innocent. Poor Paul, that verdict broke his heart. You remember, dear, the foreign letters I used to get? They were from him, poor fellow, and the last was from a friend of his, to say Paul Gascoigne was dead, and at the last had sobbed out his wife's name."

Dolly raised her eyes streaming with tears to her husband's face.

'Oh, Paul, that this had never come between you and me!"

Paul Gascoigne stooped low and whispered in a voice broken in its love and tenderness:

"My darling, it has only drawn us all the closer to each other. I was to blame too, Dolly. I kept you, my wife, out of my secret heart."

'Paul," she answered tremulously, with quivering lips, "I am thinking of it always. Will you tell me about your wife?"

There was silence, while the clock ticked out fully two minutes, and then Mr. Gascoigne took Dolly's small hand tightly in his.

"I will, and in as few words as possible. I was only twenty when I was married. She was my first love, and I was very happy till I found she had no love for me, and that my money, not myself, had been the attraction. Oh, Dolly, it was a miserable time! She was so beautiful, and another poor fellow had loved her all his life. Listen, my wife, and let me make the story as short as I can. I came home one day to find my home empty, and after that I think I went mad. Then a day came when I was in Paris, and saw a crowd, and in their midst they were carrying a dead body they had found in the Seine. I saw a white face and dead gold hair. Like the others, I looked upon that lifeless form, and, like them, I went away, but not home. That night I left for Australia for I thought all the world would know my story. Dolly, can you guess my secret? In the dead woman being carried by I had recognised my wife, and"—his voice grew very tender—"I thought, my darling I should never be happy again until I met you; and then—Heaven knows I am happy now!"

"Paul," sighed Dolly, "oh, I wish you had told me everything before!"

'So do I. But, Dolly I had never spoken of it to mortal soul, and have never put that part of my life into words till to night. It was small wonder then that you thought I was the Paul Trevor Gascoigne who was supposed to have murdered his wife."

A long, long silence ensued. Then Dolly looked up and her eyes met his.

'Ah, Dolly," he said, "your verdict was harder after all, for you believed me guilty, while they only brought it in 'Not Proven!'"

"Because they didn't love you, Paul," she whispered, her hand stealing into his. "Had I stayed with you I must have acquitted you, because I love you so"—bending her fair, blushing face over the hand she held.

"Heaven bless you, my wife, my darling!" he answered, soft and low.

EXPENSIVE DRESSES.—Dress, indeed, must have swallowed up almost everything at a time when James I. and his courtiers set the fashion of appearing in a new garb almost every day. When the Duke of Buckingham was sent to France to bring over Henrietta Maria, he provided, among others, one suit of white uncut velvet and a cloak set all over with diamonds, valued at eighty thousand pounds, besides a feather made of great diamonds, and a sword, girdle, hatband and spurs, thick set with the same. Another suit of purple satin, embroidered all over with pearls, was valued at twenty thousand pounds. At the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palatinate, Lady Wotton wore a gown profusely ornamented with embroidery that cost fifty pounds a yard, and Lord Montague spent fifteen hundred pounds on the dresses of his two daughters for that occasion. By this account it would seem that the ladies were, at all events, not more expensive in their attire than gentlemen.

Judge Nathan Clifford, now over seventy, but still a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is spending the summer at West Rumney, N. H., his birthplace.

AT SEA.

BY E. L. S.

Worn voyagers, who watch for land
Across the endless waste of sea,
Who gaze before and on each hand,
Why look ye not to what ye flee?

The stars, by which the sailors steer,
Not always rise before the prow;
Though forward naught but clouds appear,
Behind they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again
To shores of childhood that we leave,
Are those old signs we followed, vain?
Can guides so oft found true, deceive?

Oh, sail we to the South or North,
Oh sail we to the East or West,
The port from which we first put forth
Is our heart's home, from afar best.

Aunt Was Right.

BY A. S. G.

"WHEN a thing's done it cannot be undone, I suppose," said Laura Ashleigh. "Only, if I hadn't minded the counsel of Aunt Elmer, I might be happy now, instead of regretting my hasty, ill-advised act."

Ashleigh Manor had been Ashleigh Manor ever since the oldest inhabitant could remember. At one time, in the long, long ago, before the fatal railroad accident had happened to Mr. and Mrs. Ashleigh, the Manor used to be the scene of enjoyment such as the simple folks of the neighborhood were quite unused to.

Fifteen years had passed since then, bringing its many changes to one and all, but life at the Manor went on in the humdrum fashion which Aunt Elmer had instituted when the orphan had been given to her care.

Laura was a young woman now, and was at this moment in an unenviable frame of mind. The pouting lips were pressed close against the window pane, and she was resolutely trying to keep the tears back. The twilight gray was fast giving place to the sombre hue of night, as she stood there so silently, the deepening glow of the sunset playing in and out through the chestnut curls, and Laura Ashleigh seemed utterly oblivious to everything.

She was still gazing at the meadow, where the cows were grazing in an idle kind of way, as if they felt it their duty to be doing something. Away down the road the lamps were being lighted in the numerous cottages, and the school was all aglow with illumination.

As Laura Ashleigh noticed this, her thoughts broke out into words, and she murmured something half inaudible, while her aunt, coming in, cried out, "A penny for your thoughts, Laura."

"They wouldn't be very complimentary to you, Aunt Elmer, if I were to tell you everything that I've been thinking of for the last half hour."

But she couldn't keep the tears back any longer, and, with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, turned her back to kind Aunt Elmer, and she, good soul! divining the true state of affairs, left the room as gently as she had come in.

There was to be a great concert in the village school this evening, and Laura Ashleigh had been asked to go to it by the undeniably handsome stranger who had been staying at the village for the last two weeks. Laura had been introduced to him at a party, and he had paid the most assiduous attentions to the young heiress since. When Laura received his invitation to the concert, she had asked for her aunt's approval, and had been forbidden to go.

Laura had sent a note to that effect to the gentleman, and with the fickleness of the average young lady, had regretted her act after it had been done. True, she knew nothing of Wayland Mortimer except that he had told her he was wealthy; but then he was so handsome, so engaging, that she was sure he was a gentleman in every respect.

Laura sat down in the easy chair by the fire that was burning so cheerily. She was musing about the glorious time everybody would be having while she was moping at Ashleigh Manor. She felt very miserable, until the supper bell aroused her from the moody revery into which she had fallen, and then she tried to forget the school concert and Wayland Mortimer. She hardly tasted her supper, and Aunt Elmer who had noticed all this as if nothing. She had not the same opinion of Wayland Mortimer that her niece had, and it was for this reason that she had insisted on Laura's not going to the concert.

After tea was over, Laura took up her needlework to pass away the time, but her mind was not with her work, for her thoughts were wandering to the village school, and she would blush in a guilty kind of way once in a while, when looking round and discovering her aunt's gaze fixed steadfastly upon her.

Later on, when they were about to retire for the night, there was a knock at the door, and Miss Wilhelmina Sprinkins marched into the cosy parlor, as stiff as starch, and her face wearing a very mysterious look.

She glanced pityingly at Laura, gave a sign to Aunt Elmer, and sat down unbidden in the softest arm chair in the room.

"I know it's a late visit—an uncommonly late one," said Miss Sprinkins, as she untied the strings of her bonnet, "but my sense of duty and friendship for this family has led me to cast aside the rules of etiquette."

This was said in an exceedingly portentous manner, and, wheeling the chair nearer to the fire, she spread out her hands to catch the heat, and, with a meaning glance to Aunt Elmer, asked Laura to be kind enough to get her a cup of tea.

Laura looked towards her aunt, who nodded assent, and she retired from the room to perform the errand. Then the middle-aged spinster drew her chair nearer to that of Aunt Elmer, and murmured, "Such news!"

Laura Ashleigh's aunt gazed wonderingly at the middle aged spinster, but said nothing, evidently waiting for the visitor to proceed.

"I've had my suspicions all along," said Miss Sprinkins. "I suspected that he was——"

"Who are you talking of, and what has it to do with us?" inquired Aunt Elmer.

"If I live till I die I shall never forget it!" said Miss Sprinkins. "And it's only my uncommon friendship for this family tha'——"

"But what is it all about?" broke in Aunt Elmer. "For the life of me I can't guess what's the matter!"

"You ought to be grateful for such an escape," said the elderly visitor, raising her hands and eyes to the ceiling. "And when I think of how near he came to being a member of your family, and the providential——"

"But what is it?" asked Aunt Elmer.

"And to think that he should come up here and put on such airs; but I never saw the like of it in all my unborn days!" said Miss Sprinkins, entirely overcome with excitement.

Just then Laura came in with a cup of fresh-brewed tea, and, having given it to Miss Sprinkins, kissed her aunt "good night," and retired.

The visitor drew her chair nearer to the fire, and, gazing steadfastly at the coals, murmured, "Such is life! And he was the elegantest dressed, and such fine jewelry, that I thought he was a millionaire," said Miss Sprinkins, with a sigh.

Aunt Elmer was by this time quite out of patience, and being by no means an angel (very few women are), she exclaimed, "For mercy's sake, what is all this about, Miss Sprinkins? Did the person kill himself? Did he kill somebody else? Don't stay here all night! Whatever you have to say, say it, and be done with it!"

Miss Wilhelmina Sprinkins stood up in a stately manner, lifting her skirts from the contaminating influence of the carpet, and, putting on an air of the grandest importance, exclaimed, "My uncommon friendship for this family led me to come here to communicate news which is of the most monstrous importance; but, as I am not used to being insulted, I will now take my leave!"

With a most dignified bow she made her exit, and Aunt Elmer was as much in the dark about her visit as ever.

Early the next morning, however, the mystery was cleared away, and it transpired that Wayland Mortimer had been arrested by detectives who had been looking for him for some time. The charge against him was coining; and when Laura Ashleigh heard the circumstances of the case, she was heartily glad that she had followed Aunt Elmer's advice.

SCOTCH DEER FORESTS.—Scotch forests are most lucrative to their owners. The rents paid are enormous, and not many years ago would have sounded incredible. Lord Dudley paid a rent of five thousand pounds a year for the Reay forest. This sum represented five thousand deer, as far as may be computed, and some sixty thousand acres over which they roam, comprising some of the loveliest of Scottish scenery. These deer are the finest in Scotland, often attaining eighteen stone, and they possess the peculiarity of forked tails. Lord Dudley does not seem very keen about his deer. Months of the season will pass away before he begins deer stalking. The deer of the other forests seem to find this out, and when hard beset flee for safety to the Reay forest. Last season Lord Dudley had the famous Black Mount Forest, in Argyllshire, belonging to Lord Breadalbane, paying four thousand five hundred pounds. The forest stretches for twenty miles, the haunt of the finest red deer; and the sport has been excellent, though deer stalking is exceptionally difficult in that country. The Inverness shire shootings reach a total rental of some sixty five thousand pounds a year.

The future Queen of Spain, the Archduchess Christine of Austria, is said to dislike the prospect of being separated from her family, to which she is warmly attached. It is added that her family has left her full liberty of action, as there are no political considerations governing the proposed match.

Moody weighs nearly 250 pounds. When upset from a rowboat the other day he swam like a veteran porpoise.

Wanted Him Herself.

BY A. L. S.

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon of a July day. The sun shed its bright rays on the trees, and was reflected, through the branches, in shadows on the flowers and lawn underneath. The wind, in a gentle minor key, sighed in a hushed voice of expectation. Even the songs of the birds seemed to say, "Somebody's coming."

And some person was coming round a bend in the road. I could see the carriage returning from the station, where uncle had gone to meet friends from town.

As they came nearer, I heard their gay laughter. How vividly it recalled my own merry life of a few years ago, contrasting sadly with my present lonely condition! For then I had a loving father and mother to watch over and protect me.

They had died two years before, leaving me without any nearer relative than Aunt Martha, my mother's oldest sister, with whom I was staying at present.

There were a son and daughter older than myself, and a little boy of ten, who bore the nickname of Charlie Mischief, and a veritable little plague he was.

If Cousin Mattie and I indulged in a little gossip concerning our acquaintances, he listened to every word, and treasured them as weapons against us.

When we threatened to tell his mother about some of his pranks, he would say, "Never mind. Miss Gad about! Tell away, and then I will tell her what you two said about those people the other day."

This was generally enough to make us as dumb on the subject as an Egyptian mummy concerning its age.

For Aunt Martha was very strict about some things, and especially in reference to talking about people when they were not present.

Still aunty was very nice, and kinder to me than I deserved; for I had been a spoiled child!

By the time I had arrived at this conclusion aunty had come out on the porch, and aroused me from my reverie by telling me to go and call Mattie.

When we returned, the carriage was at the door. After Mattie had greeted our guests she introduced me. There was Mr. and Mrs. Delmont, their daughter, Sylvia, and Clyde, their son, who was a lawyer.

How strange it seems that until this time I had never seen the persons who have since taken me, as it were, into a world of our own!

From the first, we enjoyed ourselves. Such merry times we had, playing hay-makers, going a fishing, taking rides in the cool evening, and following every amusement that our idle minds could contrive!

Towards the middle of August, a Miss Gracy came to visit Mattie. She had black hair and eyes, and a clear olive complexion.

If ever there existed a heartless girl, I think it was she, for a more malicious mischief maker and finished coquette never resided on this mundane sphere.

Several days after her arrival, we were invited to a picnic which was to be held at "Mossy Grove," several miles distant. We had arranged for every one to go in the spring cart, but at the last moment Miss Gracy demurred, that if she were to ride in an open vehicle, exposed to the burning sun, it would be certain to give her the headache. So one of the gentleman would, by courtesy, be obliged to take her in the covered carriage.

Uncle suggested that his son, Ned, should be the man. But she replied, in a sweet voice, that she was sorry to cause so much trouble, but Ned was so reckless she was afraid of his driving.

Then Clyde was appointed; this choice apparently met her approbation. And so Clyde, who could argue a case with an unruffled demeanor, and who knew as much about horses as a child does about political economy, was chosen in preference to a person who had been bred in the country, with horses as his daily companions.

What a beautiful place Mossy Grove was, with its grand old trees, soft, velvety carpet of green, its nooks and clinging mosses!

Sylvia and Miss Gracy, in their stylish dress, afforded the country girls food for conversation.

When the dancing commenced, Clyde took Miss Gracy as his partner, and never came near me until late in the evening, when I, of course, told him that I was engaged for the remainder of the dances. He then asked me to break some of the engagements, when I very quietly told him I did not feel so inclined.

But I learned afterwards why Clyde did not come to me sooner. Miss Gracy informed him, in confidence, on the way to the grove, that I had asked her as a favor, to relieve me of his company whenever she could manage to do so, and that she had been surprised and indignant at my talking so ungraciously about such a nice gentleman.

Clyde fancied, after thinking it over for some time, that she had put truth on a stretcher, and so came to me, but my reception of him made him think that perhaps his attentions had annoyed me, after all.

The days glided rapidly by. Sometimes Clyde and I were together as formerly; but it would not be for long, for Miss Gracy was generally near, to ask questions about some trifle or other. Or, when we were sitting under the porch in the evening, she would come and fold a shawl around me, saying that the night air was too chilly for me to be out.

Charlie had come to grief through interfering with Miss Gracy's possessions. Wandering about in the sulks, one day, he found her door open, and went into the room. She was sitting at one of the windows, with her back towards the door. He talked with her for some time, but at length she became tired of him, and told him to amuse himself with the things on the table, while she finished her book.

After a while he thought he would just take a peep at her dresses. That was a fatal fancy, for when he saw them he conceived the idea that he would look pretty if dressed as a girl. After he had made a most elaborate toilet, he called to Miss Gracy to look at him. But she, provoked at being bothered, answered him very sharply, without looking round, telling him to leave off annoying her, and that he was a perfect nuisance.

This made Mischief very indignant, so he concluded that he would go and show himself to the other girls.

When he appeared before us he was a ludicrous sight, with his chalky face and Miss Gracy's black curls dangling from his own locks of tow.

Miss Gracy was very angry. She had never allowed Mattie to know the mystery of her toilet, and for Sylvia and me to see her hair paraded about without her assistance made her furious. If she had known that he had spent an hour with the gentlemen her rage would have been increased. But they did not betray him.

From that time, Charlie would have nothing to do with Miss Gracy. You would not sympathize with her if you knew how she had caressed, indulged, and coaxed him until she had learned all she desired to know about the rest of the family.

After this, he generally corrected her when she made statements about what some one had said concerning us.

One day, about the middle of September, Clyde, who had been gone for several weeks, returned to spend a few more days in the country. We supposed that he went with the men to the fields, and were sitting in the porch sewing and reading. After a time, Sylvia went up stairs to her mother, who was suffering with neuralgia, leaving Mattie, Miss Gracy and me together.

Charlie, who was attending school in the neighborhood, returning, came home through the orchard, and brought us some nice large apples, which, he said, he would give us, providing we would let him name them for us, like the girls at school did, and eat the seeds.

We consented, and in a few moments he said they were christened, but that he would not tell us what the names were until we had finished eating. Then said: "Mattie, yours was Cave Morrow. You had five seeds; you will cast him away. Miss Gracy's was Ned. 'Four, she loves with all her heart.' Yours, Cousin Vally, is Clyde. You have twelve seeds; that is, 'twelve, he marries.' Don't curl your mouth so contemptuously, Miss Gracy. Cousin Clyde likes Vally, and you know he does."

"He has a queer way of showing it then," said she, shrugging her shoulders.

"How should he act?"

"He needn't have passed remarks, as he has done about her."

"Ah, Miss Gracy, would you be so obliging as to mention what I said?" asked Clyde, coming from the house.

Miss Gracy had nothing to say. Presently she went into the house. Mattie begged us to think as kindly as possible about her friend, and then took Charlie into the house with her.

What did he say, do you ask? Oh, everything that was ever said before, and I have no doubt invented a great many new words and expressions for the occasion. It was all very loving foolish, and nonsensical, but very pleasant.

I am staying for a few weeks with auntie now. You will find that my Clyde is as attentive and kind as if we were newly married. So your belief is not correct in thinking all men lose their politeness after marriage.

When Longfellow visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, the servants crowded on the stairway and in the lobbies to get a view of him. On the Queen asking them, the next day why this compliment was paid to the poet, she was told they used to listen to Prince Albert reading "Evangeline" to his children, and knowing the lines nearly by heart they longed to see the man that wrote them.

Captain Eads, of jetties fame, is described as a small and rather fragile looking man. A peculiar pallor of his skin and a very quiet manner made him seem even smaller than he is; but he has a very thoughtful and determined face. He looks like a man who has the utmost confidence in himself, and who knows how to wait.

Our Young Folks.

JACK'S ELDER BROTHER.

BY F. A. O.

DRIP DRIP-DROP! fell the rain in the great smoky, toiling, sobbing, glittering city, and drip drip drop! trickled the tears down little Rose's cheeks. Soaking wet were her tattered clothes—so wet that they had not even the energy to flutter, though the wind was blowing in high good spirits, now here, now there, and the very raindrops seemed in a sportive mood, as they pelted the little girl before and behind. There was no rest for the sole of her foot, no dry spot held out friendly shelter to her, for if she stepped under a doorway a policeman bade her move on, or a tall footman pounced out at her from behind that mysterious door with the same command. So, like the man with the steam leg, she was compelled to keep jogging on, slip-slip slop! through the slushy streets, sporting a train no court lady would have envied until, in time, she came to a crossing, where stood a sweeper, handling his broom vigorously in spite of wind and weather. The girl's great wistful blue eyes fastened upon him. There was something in common between the two: they were both over-dressed with regard to the size of the garments, under very much under dressed with regard to appearance; and the years of their pilgrimage were about the same: that life had been a pilgrimage witnessed their two small selves. Still the boy had an undaunted look about him which the girl lacked; but then, she was a girl, one of the weaker vessels of humanity. So up to the stronger she glided and took her standing by his side, for which liberty the boy favored her with a fixed though not unkindly stare.

"Ain't it wet; and ain't life miserable!" said she, without paying particular attention to the elegance of her sentence.

"Well, there ain't no denyin' o' the first, but as to the second, life ain't miserable to me. I'm makin' a fortune fast," was the cheery reply.

"Be you? How?" And Rose's eyes scanned the boy with veneration.

"By this broom I sweeps my way up to it; the ha'pence come in as thick as rain."

This avowal quite took away Rose's breath. She glanced round in bewilderment. Ha'pence like those many raindrops!

"Well, you two poor little wet rats! My boy, your sister ought to be at home." So spoke a gentle voice, and two kindly dark eyes, set in a handsome, manly face, peered at them from under an umbrella.

"She ain't no sister o' mine," spoke Jack, bluntly, who disdained the thought of any relationship with the poor shivering mite.

"Ah! I thought she might be. I had a penny each for you." And the gentleman hesitated.

"Yes, I be his sister," asserted poor Rose, who chose to tell a falsehood for a penny, she was so hungry.

"Right, my little girl, you are his sister; and your Elder Brother, who lives above the rain and the gloom, has sent you a penny each by me this evening."

There was pity in the voice that spoke, pity in the soft dark eyes of the gentleman as he dropped a penny into the outstretched hands of each.

"But I ha'n't got no brother," dissented Jack.

"'Tis my brother Ben who died in the country whiles ago," said Rose wisely.

"No, His name is not Ben; His name is Jesus Christ."

"I don't know Him," confessed Rose; but Jack thought he had heard the name before.

"Tell me more," was his request.

"I've no time, my boy, but if you care to hear more, come to that place." So spoke the stranger, slipping a card into Jack's hand; then he flashed a smile like sunshine on them both, the rain fell between them, and he was gone.

"Ain't he a nice man?" said Jack, glancing after him with a lump in his throat. "I know the place," he continued, as he spelled out the address on the card; "'tis a ragged-school, where the gents comes and tells 'em powers o' things." But hungry Rose's thoughts were dwelling upon her penny and its investment.

"I'll buy a pen'orth of pease pudding," was her spoken decision.

"And I'm peckish, bring me a pen'orth too," spoke Jack, as Rose's ready feet were carrying her in the direction of the pease pudding shop.

Half of Rose's had vanished before she returned with Jack's, so when she had finished her own, she fell to watching him with sundry little smacks of the lips, which told the unselfish boy her hungry stomach craved a little more.

"Here," said he, at last, holding out to her what remained of the tempting dainty.

"Now, what do you say to going to Sally Jones's?" he asked, as the last bit vanished. Somehow the thought of the Elder Brother sending a penny so far to His poor relations now he was so rich, filled his heart with kindly promptings.

"Where's Sally Jones's?"

"Come and see," said Jack; and shouldering his broom, he led the way there, Rose following with a bounding heart. She was in luck at last.

Sally Jones's was a rather tidy cellar-room, with a cheerful fire burning in a grate; Sally herself a clean little woman, sitting at a little table at tea; and half-a-dozen boys, about Jack's age, ranged on a bench back by the wall, sat devouring their supper of divers savory dishes, when Jack, the seventh, trudged in with little Rose.

"Here Sally, here's a new lodger." Such was Jack's introduction between the two ladies.

"Deary me! what can I do with a gal!" exclaimed Sally, eyeing Rose.

"Let her lie on your bed. I'll find her some grub and settle the difference." So spoke reassuring Jack.

So Sally, who had a kind heart, invited Rose to come to the fire and dry her rags; Jack gave her a bunch of bread and cheese and some coffee; and Rose thought herself in fairyland.

After supper, Jack whispered to Rose, and Rose nodded; both whispered to Sally, and Sally nodded; then the two children went out. They were off to the ragged-school, to hear about the Elder Brother. Arrived there, their friend with the soft dark eyes greeted them, took Jack under his wing, and gave Rose into the charge of a lady, his sister, after whispering something into her ear—what, the children could not guess; and by-and-by lessons began. A great lump came into Jack's throat when the words were read, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in;" and the tears glistened in his great grey eyes. His young heart throbbed and quivered with a new emotion. He had taken little Rose in—would the King accept it as done to Him?

Rose was waiting for him outside; he took her hand, and led her home through the muddy streets, the words ringing in his ears like an echo—"I was a stranger, and ye took me in," in a sweet low music that made him glad. After Rose had gone to sleep, Sally and Jack put their heads together, and decided that Rose should be set up in the match trade. Jack volunteering to invest sixpence in the purchase of stock, and Sally was to shelter her at night, at a merely nominal charge, which Jack was to see paid. After this was settled, the generous boy lay down and slept like a top.

On the morrow he sallied out with his broom, and Rose with her matches. Where Jack's crossing was situated was not a particularly match needing neighborhood, so they separated—Rose very proud, very happy, but very shy; Jack, his great loving heart throbbing and yearning towards his newly found Friend in whose stead little Rose seemed to come to him.

It was evening at last. He and Rose were threading their way through the dazzling streets, they came to a crossing. Oh Jack! Jack! to grow dizzy among the horses and cabs! Oh Jack! poor Jack! Rose reached the pavement in safety, but Jack lay crushed beneath a cab.

"He's mine! he's mine!" moaned little Rose, when a policeman drew her from him as she threw herself down and clasped him to her little aching heart.

"Well, we'll take him to the hospital, little one. Get a shutter, some one." But Jack was speaking; Rose bent over him to listen.

"Rose was a stranger and I took her in, for Thee, Lord, only I didn't know it then but I did when I bought the matches. I bought 'em for Thee."

"Jack!" wailed Rose. "Oh, Jack!" The boy's soft grey eyes opened.

"Rose I thought I was with Him the King. I'm going to Him: don't cry Rose, go home to Sally. Yes Lord I bought 'em for Thee." One sweet, loving smile, one sigh, his head drooped on Rose's shoulder, the policeman brought a shutter; a crowd gathered and buzzed; but Jack was dead, gone to the great Elder Brother.

And Rose? The kind gentleman and his sister at the ragged school took charge of her and made a little servant of her and she lived a good girl and became a useful woman.

Wheat was unknown in America prior to the discovery of the continent by Columbus. It was not until 1530 that the cereal found its way into Mexico and then only by chance. A slave of Cortez found a few grains of wheat in a parcel of rice and showed them to his master who ordered them to be planted. The result showed that wheat would thrive well on Mexican soil; and to-day one of the finest wheat valleys in the world is near the Mexican capital. From Mexico the cereal found its way to Peru. In Ecuador, a monk of the order of St. Francis introduced the new cereal, and it is said that the jar which contained the seeds is still preserved by the monks of Quito. Wheat was introduced into the present limits of the United States contemporaneously with the settlement of the country by the English and Dutch.

An officer in the Austrian army lately snatched a soldier's cravat off and knocked his eye out with the buckle, because he thought he wore his collar too high.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 844 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

SKEEZIKS.

BY PERCY VERE.

I.

There is a river flowing through the land,
Bright as the gleam of silver in the sun;
Whose waters daily gather as they run,
Whate'er is good, or bad, on either hand
Thus freighted with the products of the strand
By which it flows, its duty is not done:
Not yet its end accomplished—victory won—
Not yet fulfilled the letter of command:
"Go, River! gather in the ripened grain,
The seeds, and germs, throughout the universe
And bear them on, that all the world may share
The bounteous harvest. Then of all thy gain
Let every clime partake. Thus shalt thou nurse
Uncultured lands, and make all passing fair."

II.

That river, "Skeezikes," in the public press
Which you have helped to laden with good seed,
Mites thrown upon the waters, that shall breed,
And after many days return to bless.
Thy pointed wit has cheered our loneliness,
Relaxed the muscles that grew hard with greed;
So helping many in a time of need
You could do more, but could have done no less.
Continue thus to spread thy seed broadcast,
Oh! Bard of Rondout, with the facile pen,
Till Time rewards thee with the laurel wreath,
Then shall the memory of thy victory last
Long as the globe revolves, as long as men
And little children learn thy name to breathe.

ANSWERS.

No. 211. MORENA.

No. 212.
R E C R O D
S T R U S E
C R E S T S
R U S T L E
O S T L E R
D E S E R T

No. 213. WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

No. 214.
L U M P E N
T A N I E R
B O M B E R
T A K E I N
P O N E N T
T A L E N T

No. 215. SUTTON.

No. 216.
T
P A D
J A C O B
P A C A N E S
T A C A M A H A C
D O N A T E D
R H E N
S A D
C

No. 217. SPECULUM.

No. 218.
B R A D A W L
R E E L I N E
S E R M O N S
S T A R I N G
R E A R I N G
B R A R D E D
D E F E R S S

No. 219. SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 220.
C
C A B
M O S E S
M A N T L E S
C O N F R O N T S
C A S T R E N S I A L
B E L O N G I N G
B E N E I S T
S T I N T
S A G
L

No. 221. "Friend Micawber" has a cousin
Which is far from being solemn
'Tis his "What" that makes it merry,
"Cerebrations"—good, how very!

No. 222.
C A R A R O I D
M O R E T O W N
C A R A C O L E
C A R A B I N E
R O R A C I T E
S A L I C I N E
C A R I N A T E
S O L A N I N E

No. 223. NUMERICAL.

The WHOLE consisting of 9 letters is a town of Southern India.

The 1, 2, 7 is to impair.
The 8, 7, 6 is a constellation.
The 7, 4, 5 is bleak.
The 4, 3, 6 is a principality of Japan.
The 7, 4 is past.
The 4, 2 is an equilateral.
The 2, 1 is to as suddenly.

New Haven, Conn. O. POSTAM.

No. 224. HALF SQUARE.

1. A mineral. 2. A priest. 3. A root. 4. A hint. 5. An abbreviation relating to measurement. 6. A continent.

Quarryville, N. Y. G. O. METRICAL.

No. 225. CHARADE.

A young priest with his WHOLE down in Prince,
One evening did to a young miss go;
He weighed fifteen LAST
But is getting thin fast—
For she cut him—he did them to her sis, go.

Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

No. 226. HALF SQUARE.

1. Refuse. 2. An animal. 3. A central point. 4. An island of Denmark. 5. A pronoun. 6. A musical syllable. 7. A consonant.

St. Joseph, Mo. WILD ROSE.

No. 227. CROSS WORD.

Not in mass but aggregation,
Not in real but affectation,
Not in turn but obligation,
Not in news but information,
Not in pour but decantation,
Not in fete but celebration,
Not in mark but indentation,
Not in wit but penetration,
Not in note but observation,
Here is a city fortified
Which has besiegers oft defied.

Dunkirk, N. Y. MY DOT.

No. 228. HALF SQUARE.

1. Spotted with small tufts like wool. 2. A thin plate. 3. Divined. 4. To perfume. 5. Certain hills of Shropshire, England. 6. Wonted. 7. An abbreviation for a country. 8. In Jarep.

New York City. KOR.

No. 229. ANAGRAM.

HOT A FIGHT AT SEA,
MAN A' BLIND.

An event in history
Very plain for you to see.

Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 230. HALF SQUARE.

1. A plant. 2. A herdsman. 3. Red orpiment. 4. Who ascends. 5. An animal. 6. A tree. 7. A fish. 8. An interjection. 9. A letter.

West Meriden, Conn. GRAHAM.

No. 231. CHARADE.

A separation does my FIRST denote,
My SECOND is a proof or omen;
My WHOLE is used to mean a plan or plot,
Indulged in oft by vengeful foemen.

Philadelphia, Pa. PEGGOTTY.

No. 232. HALF SQUARE.

1. One who sets in order. 2. Tramples down. 3. Interposed. 4. A county on Prince Edward Island. 5. Certain plants. 6. Position of things (Rare). 7. The thirteenth day of April. 8. A boy's nick-name. 9. A mouth. 10. A letter.

Independence, Mo. BEN. J. MIX.

No. 233. CRYPTOGRAM.

(To "Maud Lynn.")

AT OTHER ALMO FRQATCONU QTK IBRY
QTFRJNAMBIFR XIY OTUR WNYMIO,
EZIEMMIFR ATT, CT ITS JS'FRAY—
N JSMFR ALR OTHERS UNMIO.

The Mystic Knight one year for solution.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

No. 234. HALF SQUARE.

(To "Skeezikes.")

1. I polished up this word so carefully
That now you have "a ruler of the Queen's Navee."
2. "Johnny Morgan played the organ,
And his father beat the drum"—
But these accord neither of them
Could have made go tum! tum! tum.
3. On an old jog by the BROOKSIDE
"Don Juan," "Gil Blas" sat reading—
But when into the mud he did slide,
His lingo showed bad breeding.
4. These dyes the Burmah merchant ships, ships, ships,
Will give her pearly ruby lips, lips, lips—
Oh! who shall kiss those ruby lips, lips, lips,
When I am far away.
5. The young Lochinvar rode unarmed and alone.
For save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
Excepting two FIFTH, a mortar, a gun,
And a new Colt's Revolver, a six shooting one.
6. Silver threads amongst the go-o-old,
Darling in your hair I see:
Sweetness you are growing o-o-old,
In your will remember me.
7. These are timbers long and round,
Often driven in the ground.
8. "Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out"—
So Sir John Suckling wrote and I
Can only wish that I were by—
Her dainty EIGHTH I might espy.
9. The picnic season is on the advance
And the young man sporteth his linen pants:
The caterpillar crawls up the maiden's dress,
And so does the wasp, the NINTH and the rest.
10. "To be or not to be," that TENTH the question.
11. The LAST in peanuts, which promote digestion.

Baltimore, Md. MAUD LYNN.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

3. For first solution to No. 233, the Mystic Knight one year.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of July 19th were solved by The General, Jarep, Nic. O'Demus, Flowy Ann, A. Sower, Capt. Cuttle, Elf Pen, Woe, Mrs. Nickleby, Effendi, Theron, O. Pheasm, Sunny Isabel, I. C. M.

COMPLETE LISTS.—The General, Jarep.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. The General, - - Columbus, O.
2. Jarep, - - - New York City.
3. Nic. O'Demus, - - San Jose, Cal.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Effendi, Two Numericals; Gil Blas—Charade, Jonet, Double Acrostic and Charade; Waverly—Four Diamonds; Randolph Square, Emory West—Lozenge and Charade; Traddles, Cryptogram; Nemo, 4 Two Anagrams and Triple Crosswords; Jersey Boy—Triple Acrostic.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALEXANDER. Send your address. The Diamond on Pa. is stated we cannot use, as it has already appeared three times. Please inform Jerry Myer, "THE DOLL," and "AN INTERESTED" in the New York Cricket on the Hearth. Address P. O. Box 4176, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER. September 15 received. Harry of the Hills, W. M. not got to us with a back on Diamond, but may however, furnish the Dem with a few and at any rate.

EFFENDI. Numericals first-rate. Good Numerical Acrostics.

J. B. Are seven definitions to FIRST in one Charade which is very well.

JONATHAN.—Charade just suits. Hope to hear from you more frequently.

WAVERLY.—Your last Diamonds are all four entirely new to us, and we will endeavor to use them.

EMORY WEST.—Here's your Programme, walk right in and take your seat. Have had it RESERVED for two months past.

TRADDLES.—Good again. You are the Boy for a fine assortment.

JERSEY BOY.—Triple Acrostic O. K., but the Boy's have asked to be excused from Eleven Letter Words in Double Acrostics.

DON A. HIM. We don't mind saying to the Dem that P. J. Dewaine, [illegible] Kansas, Ga. will give a year's subscription to any Amateur Advertiser [illegible] but please do not send any advertisements on our account, and oblige. WILKINS MICAWBER.

OUT AT SEA.

BY CLARA WEST JONES.

Through the trees, whose leaves out-turning
Clothe the boughs with silv'ry light,
Comes with rushing sound the strong wind,
Like some giant in his might;
Then, anon, with mournful sobbings,
Wailings sad, and weird, and low,
Like the voice of some doomed spirit,
Naught of Heaven's joy to know.

O'er the sky so lately smiling,
On the verdant Earth in bloom,
Clouds of darkness veil its azure,
And o'er nature cast a gloom;
And above the wind's wild moaning,
And the rain, which now does pour
Upon Earth in one vast torrent,
Is the thunder's deaf'ning roar.

While the lightning's lurid flashes,
The vaulted dome above does light,
And on many a tree's green beauty,
Cast a with'ring, deadly blight;
Out upon the night so dreary,
Shrinking from the lightning's glare,
Looks a loving, gentle woman,
Longing the same fate to share

With the one who on the billow,
E'en in danger now may be,
And the sweet lips a prayer murmur
For her darling on the sea—
"O, my Father! guide in safety
O'er the sullen, angry sea,
The proud ship, and my beloved
Send in safety back to me."

Clasping mamma's hand so tightly,
(Eyes of blue now dimmed with tears,)
Is a little, winsome maiden,
Loving heart filled all with fears,
For the papa, who caressing
The fair head against his knee,
Oft would soothe all childish sorrow—
Her dear papa far at sea.

And the youthful mother bending
O'er the babe upon the breast,
Thinks with a wild thrill of anguish,
That she nevermore may rest,
On the heart so true and noble,
Never see the eyes so brown,
Filled with love-light, soft and tender,
On her glancing proudly down.

As the memories come thronging,
Gentle tears are falling now
On the baby's dark brown ringlets,
And the snowy, upturned brow;
Dainty head with curls of golden,
Held in place by azure band,
(Dimpled cheek all flushed and tear-stained,
Tired leans 'gainst mamma's hand.

Fond eyes lovingly are resting
On the treasure by her side,
On the babe whose wistful, brown eyes
Are like his across the tide;
And again amid the tempest,
Weary pain within her heart,
Does she pray, "O, Gracious Father!
In this hour Thy strength impart."

* * * * * * *

Through the rose-embowered lattice,
Glints from Luna's orb now glide,
And its light rests on a fair form,
And the one who by his side
Looks with brown eyes, earnest, loving,
In their depths the light of old,
From the girl-wife on him leaning,
Down upon the curls of gold

That shade the face upon his breast,
A child's sweet face—then with joy
Looks to where, on snowy pillow,
Sleeps a babe—his only boy—
And the happy wife and mother
Whispers, "God has unto me
Treasures given, brought in safety,
My beloved home from sea."

Phila., August, 1879.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS.

WHY married people, so ill mated as to agree only to differ, should be said to lead a cat-and-dog life, is not very clear, since those household pets, being intelligent, affectionate, cheerful and sociable creatures, very frequently contrive to live harmoniously enough together.

There is a case of an alligator which had become so tame that it would follow its master up and down stairs; while it was so fond of the cat's society, that when she lay down before the fire the alligator followed suit, made a pillow of puss, and went off to sleep; and when awake the reptile was only happy so long as puss was somewhere near, turning morose and ill-tempered whenever she left it to its own devices.

Many equine celebrities have delighted in feline companions, following in this the example of their notable ancestor, the Godolphin Arab, between whom and a black cat an intimate friendship had existed for years; a friendship that came to a touching end, for when that famous steed died, his old companion would not leave the body, and when it had seen it put underground, crawled slowly away to a hay-loft, and refusing to be comforted, pined away and died.

A cat belonging to the royal stables at Windsor made herself so agreeable to one of the horses there, that rather than to put her to any inconvenience, he would take his night's rest standing. This was held detrimental to his health, and the stable authorities, unable to hit upon any other plan, banished poor pussy to a distant part of the country.

An Eastern man owns a thoroughbred horse named Narragansett, and a white cat. The latter was wont to pay a daily visit to Narragansett's stall to hunt up the mice, and then enjoy a quiet nap. The gentleman removed to Rochester with his family, leaving the cat behind; but she complained so loudly and so unceasingly that she was sent on to the new abode. Her first object was now to get somebody to interpret her desires. At last her master divined them, and started off with her to the barn. As soon as they were inside, the cat went to the horse's stall, made a bed near his head, and curled herself up contentedly. When he visited the pair next morning, there was puss close to Narragansett's feet, with a family of five beside her. The horse evidently knew all about it, and that it behooved him to take heed how he moved his feet. Puss afterwards would go out, leaving her little ones to the care of her friend, who would, every now and then, look to see how they were getting on. When these inspections took place in the mother's presence, she was not at all uneasy, although she showed the greatest fear and anxiety if any children intruded upon her privacy.

A gentleman in England had a cat which showed the greatest affection for a young blackbird, that was given to her by a stable-boy for food a day or two after she had been deprived of her kittens. She tended it with the greatest care; they became inseparable companions, and no mother could show a greater fondness for her offspring than she did for the bird.

A German scientist shut up a cat and several mice together in a cage. The mice in time got to be very friendly, and plucked and nibbled at their feline friend. When any of them grew troublesome, she would gently box their ears.

A magazine tells of a man who placed a tame sparrow under the protection of a wild-cat. Another cat attacked the sparrow, which was at the most critical moment rescued by its protector. During the sparrow's subsequent illness its natural foe watched over it with great tenderness. The same authority gives an instance of a cat trained like a watch-dog to keep guard over a yard containing a rabbit and some sparrows, blackbirds and partridges.

A pair of carriage horses taken to water at a stone trough, were followed by a dog who was in the habit of lying in the stall of one of them. As he gamboled on in front the creature was suddenly attacked by a mastiff far too strong for his power of resistance, and it would have gone hard with him, but for the unlooked-for intervention of his stable companion, which, breaking loose from the man who was leading it, made for the battling dogs, and with one well-delivered kick sent the mastiff into a cooper's cellar, and then quietly returned to the trough and finished his drink.

That such relations should exist between the horse and the dog seem natural enough. But that a horse should be hail-fellow with a hen appears too absurd to be true; yet we have Gilbert White's word for it that a horse, lacking more suitable companions, struck up a great friendship with a hen, and displayed immense gratification when she rubbed herself against his legs, and clucked a greeting, whilst he moved about with the greatest caution lest he might trample on his' 'little, little friend."

Colonel Montague tells of a pointer which, after being well beaten for killing a Chinese goose, was further punished by having the murdered bird tied to his neck—a penance that entailed his being constantly attended by the defunct's relict. Whether he satisfied her that he repented the cruel deed, is more than we know, but after a little while the pointer and the goose were on the best of terms, living under the same roof, feeding out of one trough, occupying the same straw bed; and when the dog went on duty in the field, the goose filled the air with lamentations for his absence.

Grains of Gold.

No legacy so rich as honesty.

The greatest prayer is patience.

One has only to die to be praised.

It is easier to blame than to do better.

Would you be strong, conquer yourself.

The less men think, the more they talk.

Money is a good servant, and a bad master.

Better cut the tongue out entirely than not to govern it.

Of all noble qualities, loving compassion is the noblest.

Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

The more we praise virtue, the dearer it becomes to us.

It is easy to find reasons why others should be patient.

There is no vice so covers a man with shame as falsehood.

Sorrow is a summons to come up higher in Christian character.

Every man who has decision of character, will have enemies.

To be dumb for the remainder of life is better than to speak falsely.

When a man has forfeited his integrity, nothing else will serve his turn.

Despair gives the shocking ease to the mind that mortification gives to the body.

In this great world there is a place for everyone, and we should be found in ours.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health, seldom; and waste of time, never.

Have the courage to do without that you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the wherewithal in your possession.

Good taste is the modesty of the mind; that is the reason why it cannot be imitated or acquired.

Never fail to answer an invitation, either personally or by letter, within a week after it is received.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.

In general, there is no one with whom life drags so disagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.

An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress ill humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Bestow thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof.

No one is so greatly to be feared as the man who is willing to tell you all he knows, for the probabilities are that he will tell you considerable more.

Ideals are the engines that draw men up to the higher places of being. It is from ideals that aspirations spring, and it is by them that development is produced.

The selfish man may accumulate the most property, but the benevolent man is most happy; the former may roll over beds of golden sands, and be the most miserable of creatures, whilst the latter has a peace and joy within which he would not exchange for all the world.

Feminimities.

Women's silence is like gold—very scarce.

Black satin slippers are studded with steel beads.

A fashionable belt for the feminine waist is called the Huss band.

The lady with a new bonnet never likes to hear a clergyman pray for rain.

The hired girl who conscientiously reports everything she breaks is dish-honest.

In a committee of ladies, whatever is voted is no doubt always carried by a *handsome* majority.

California has locked up twelve female blackmailers within a year. The craft doesn't flourish out that way.

The little girl looks forward to the time when she can "do up" her hair like a lady, as a a period of true hair-pleasure.

A census collector says that all the ladies in his district are like the moon, which is never more than a day over thirty.

The Women's Debating Society of Jasper, Fla., has decided that the women of the United States are worthy of suffrage, but do not desire it.

A girl must be twenty one before she attains her majority, under the act of Congress of 1846 relating to guardians, according to a recent Maryland decision.

Mayfair thinks that an old maid who persuades a man to look at her face by wearing a bonnet which conceals it, ought to be indicted for seeking to obtain attention under false pretences.

A healthy and well-informed woman has lived at Laconia, N. H., forty-two years without going a mile from her home, and she has not been on the principal street more than a dozen times.

A want of tact is worse than a want of virtue. Some women, it is said, work on pretty well against the tide without the last; I never knew one who did not sink who ever dared to sail without the first.

The fair Queen Kate, wife of Henry V. of England, received from Charles, her father, a missal which afterwards became the property of the three succeeding Henrys. It has just been sold in Paris for $15,200.

This is the time of the year at which the sylph-like school teacher goes off to a realm of perfume and flowers, and presents to her rural relatives the jacknives and other things taken from her pupils during the year.

Americans manage to invent odd expressions. The other day a young American lady was at a London ball. Dancing heated her, "I feel a little dewy," she said to her partner, as she wiped the perspiration from her brow.

Mrs. Mackay, wife of the bonanza king, now residing in Paris, contemplates giving a dinner this month, when the menu will be, as usual, engraved on silver, but, in addition, with the portrait of each guest artistically fitted in.

Lawn carpets for garden parties are made from Madras handkerchiefs, nine being formed into a square. An odd one is placed in the centre, four of similar pattern are sewed to its sides, and the corners are filled in by four others of contrasting colors.

What was her exact intellectual condition it would puzzle a professor of metaphysics to discover. When asked to boil the eggs just three minutes by the clock, she declared that it was impossible, because the clock was full a quarter of an hour too fast.

Anna Lewis chased a neighbor in Cincinnati, firing at him as she ran, until she had emptied the seven chambers of a revolver, when she loaded the weapon and fired seven times more—all without hitting him, although his clothing was perforated.

The number of lady gamblers in London is increasing steadily. A correspondent of the *Standard* states that there is more gambling among women at the present time than has been the case since public gaming tables were put down by act of Parliament.

Silk painting is turned to account in various ways. A painted silk dress is exquisite; so are fans. The ends of sashes and neckties are very pretty when painted with suitable flowers. On a cushion a color is apt to wear off, but for banner screens it is very suitable.

La Pompadour's historic lace fan with its medallion portraits, is of the finest Venetian lace, so fine and elaborate that it took nine years to finish it, and the cost was $20,000. It is divided into five sections, each enriched by an exquisite miniature painting.

Our old friend Pickering says that he has known ladies in whom the instinct of decoration was so strong that if they were told they must be hanged in the presence of twenty thousand persons to-morrow, their first thought would be, "Oh dear, and I haven't a dress fit to be hung in!"

The most elegant styles of dress seen at the recent races in Paris was the Parabire costume, recently introduced by two leading dressmakers of that city. It is of any material, and has always three flounces in front and paniers at the back. Sometimes these paniers are in one with the bodice, and sometimes they are fastened on the skirts.

When you see a girl flying around a dry goods counter and bothering the ladylike young man clerk almost to death, to show her this piece of lace and that piece of ruching, and this and that white dress goods, you need not think she's going to get married—her mind is on greater things intent; she will graduate next week or the week after.

That girls can pursue collegiate studies with quite as much success as boys is shown by a statement published in a paper issued by the students of the University of Michigan, which shows that every year since they have been admitted to that institution, with the exception of 1878, more girls than boys in proportion to their respective numbers have passed successfully through the course and been graduated.

A woman's hair was suddenly turned white in Milan. She was a mother, and was just going from a house of worship with two children, one of whom could walk, while the other was held in her arms. The one who could walk ran down the church steps into the street, where a carriage was passing. As the child disappeared between the wheels the woman uttered a loud cry and fell insensible, with the other child in her arms, on the ground. The child under the carriage was picked up unhurt. The mother, when she returned to her senses, found her hair had turned perfectly white.

Lineline.

Sound judge—A musical critic.

Net to catch a woman—A bon-net.

Book keeping in one lesson—Never lend them.

What is an appropriate tree to plant at a distance from one's house? A fir tree.

Why is anything that is unsuitable like a dumb person? Because it won't answer.

The man who attempted to look into the future had the door slammed in his face.

A complete set of buttons for a coat of paint, and a pair of stirrups for a saddle of mutton are wanted.

A hat manufacturer claims for himself the title of "Universal Sympathizer," because, he says, he has felt for every one.

An exchange says that the individual who "stole a march," has been put in the same cell with "procrastination, the thief of time."

"Good morning, Smith," said a neighbor; "you look sleepy." "Yes," replied Smith, "I was up all night." "Up where?" "Up in bed."

An exchange remarks, when David slew Goliath with a sling, the latter fell stone dead, and of course was quite astonished, as such a thing had never entered his head before!

"Have I not my son," said an indulgent father, "given you every advantage?" "O yes, but I couldn't think of taking advantage of you, father," replied the young scapegrace.

"You are at the very bottom of the hill," said the physician to a sick patient; "but I shall endeavor to get you up again." "I fear I shall be out of breath before I reach the top," was the reply.

A wag the other day, speaking of a man whose important air attracted a good deal of notice, remarked that "his bump of self-esteem was so prominent that he could not keep his hat on on a windy day."

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence of mind, who, dining once at some sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologize for the wretchedness of the dinner.

Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

"What's de time o' day, ole woman?" said a colored countryman to Aunt Milly, trying to poke fun at the brass chain that held her front door key round her neck. "Look at de town clock, chile—dat's built for po' folks."

A mother admonishing her son (a lad some seven years of age), told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied: "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum pudding to-night."

A New Haven paper, describing the localities of three prominent institutions of that city, says, "The Medical College is on the road to the Cemetery; the Divinity College on the road to the Poor-house, and the Law School on the road to the Jail."

Last Sabbath afternoon a worthy minister, observing by the time he reached the third "head" of his discourse, the drowsy disposition of several of his hearers quietly remarked, "In the third place, those who are awake will notice," etc.

"I sell peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a candy shop, "because they carry 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickles you must come week days. They are secular commodities."

Grattan, being asked his opinion of the valor of a certain captain, who from excess of feeling put up with a severe castigation, replied that he thought it odd, for to his knowledge the captain had fought. "Whom—whom?" cried his informant. "Shy," said the witty barrister.

On one occasion, a heavy shower of rain having caused several persons to take refuge in Rowland Hill's chapel, Mr. Hill, remarking this, looked up and said: "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

Pitt was once canvassing for himself, when he came to a blacksmith's shop. "Sir," said he to the blacksmith, "will you favor me with your vote?" "Mr. Pitt," said the son of Vulcan, "I admire your head, but hang your heart." "Mr. Blacksmith," said Pitt, "I admire your candor, but hang your manners."

A Frenchman giving an account of his travels in the United States, said in a letter, that while aboard the steamboats he felt the same degree of security that he should have experienced had he resided in the third story of a house of which the basement was a powder magazine, with the house burning down.

A certain mountebank announced to a large audience that, at the next entertainment, he would show to every man present what was in his heart. The time came, and the concourse was immense. All waited with deathlike silence. He stood up, and in a single sentence redeemed his pledge: "You all wish to buy cheap and to sell dear."

An auctioneer was much annoyed by the low bids of one of his customers, and offered five dollars to any one who would put him out. A large, ferocious-looking individual approached the unfortunate offender, and in a whisper loud enough to be heard all over the room, thus addressed him: "My friend, you go out with me and I will give you half the money."

As one of the river steamers was proceeding down stream there was a sudden stoppage of the machinery, and a considerable alarm took place, especially among the female passengers. "What is the matter—what is the matter? For Heaven's sake tell me the worst!" exclaimed one old lady more anxious than the rest. After a short time a hoarse voice from off the paddle-box replied, "Nothing, ma'am, nothing; only the bottom of the boat and the top of the earth are stuck together."

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THE DEATH OF THE ROSES.

BY T. C. H.

How do the roses die?
Do their leaves fall together,
Thrown down and scattered by the sky
Of angry weather?
No, the rad thunder stroke
O'ersweeps their lowly bower;
The storm that tramples on the oak
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,
No wrath hath done them wrong,
When with sad secrecy they leave
The branch to which they clung.
They yield them, one by one,
To the light breeze and shower,
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,
Time and the hour.

A Night of Terror.

BY B. B. W.

I HAD just left Oxford. I was visiting a college friend in Shropshire. A jolly party we were; and cheerily passed our days, and I may say, at times our nights also, for a hard day's hunting was often followed by a hard night's dancing and a gayer, merrier set of guests than those at Hadley Grange it would have been difficult to find.

One day, however, it chanced to be my fate to start for the hunting-field alone, and by some mischance I lost my way toward evening. At first I thought but little of this, but soon came to the sense of the uncomfortable fact that I was alone, in the midst of a wild moorland, probably twenty miles from home, the direction of which I was totally ignorant of and that night was falling fast, and a snow-storm threatening. What was I to do? I left it to my horse to decide, and after an hour's stumbling over the rough, uneven moorland, we entered a deep, high banked lane, and speedily we halted before the iron gates of a large, old fashioned dwelling.

I dismounted, half frozen, from the saddle, and rung a loud peal at the gate.

"Who is it?" suddenly demanded a rough, deep voice; but no attempt was made to unfasten the gate.

"A stranger. I am benighted, and well-nigh frozen," I replied half angrily.

Slowly the gate swung back on its rusty hinges, and I beheld an ancient groom, carrying a stable lantern, standing before me.

Without saying a word, I led my horse into the courtyard, and standing at the door of the mansion I saw a tall, gentlemanly-looking man of about eight and thirty, who, with a courteous but somewhat frigid brow, requested me to enter, ordering the groom to take the animal.

"A rough night, this!" I said, looking curiously around as we entered.

"It is," replied my host. "It is well you hit on the only road to this out of the way corner. Do you know the country well?"

"? No, I am a stranger. My name is Hazledeane, a guest of Mr. Courtenay's, of the Grange." I replied.

"Oh, indeed! You must be dead beat with such a day's riding? Do you know," he added, with an odd, grim smile, "that you are forty miles from Hadley Grange, and twenty from the nearest village?"

"Indeed! I must have wandered from the right road with a vengeance!" I replied, laughing.

"Ay, with a vengeance—with a vengeance!" he repeated, musingly; "but follow me, and I will do my best to make you as comfortable as one can be in this old barracks of a place." And he shivered as he looked around.

My host led me into a good-sized room—his own—and himself assisted me to remove my wet garments. During this occupation I looked at him attentively—a handsome face, but not a pleasing one. No; the eyes were hard, the mouth cruel, the expression cold and suspicious. No, my host's was not a prepossessing physiognomy, I decided.

"The supper is served," said the old domestic, at length; and, with a start, my host turned and led me to the old state dining-hall, and requested me to be seated, and I took a chair opposite to him, which he indicated to me. He spoke but little, and his restless eyes wandered unceasingly up and down the room.

Our conversation was unimportant, and gradually I took refuge in silence.

"Come," he exclaimed, abruptly, after a pause. "You must be tired—done up, in fact, and it is eleven o'clock. Allow my man to show you to your room," and he rang for the old servant. "Show Mr. Hazledeane to his room, Jarvis," said he; and without offering to shake hands with me, but with merely a bow, he motioned me from the apartment.

It was a large, dark, cheerless looking room the servant showed me into. A hastily lighted fire shed a fitful gleam over it; but, in spite of its light and the feeble flame of the candle I carried, the room remained in a state of semi obscurity.

"What a gloomy old room!" I thought, looking round. "I'm glad I am not likely to have to pass many nights here. However, I am fortunate not to be still wandering on the freezing moor. I must not quarrel with my luck."

So saying, I began to undress before the fire.

A sound startled me. Was it the wind?—or was it the sound of a mortal sigh? My heart beat loud and fast, and I listened eagerly.

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed, at length. "Am I growing superstitious at last, like so many people now a days?" And I walked resolutely towards the bed. Gladly I crept beneath the clothes, for I was tired out, and I soon fell into a deep sleep.

How long I slept I know not; but I woke to the sound of a hollow groan close to my ear in the bed beside me. I was lying with my head turned to the room as I woke, and the sound came from behind me—from between me and the wall. What was it? An awful feeling—a dreadful certainty that a ghastly something lay behind me filled my soul with a terror I shall never forget.

At length I could bear it no longer, and cautiously I turned my head in the direction of the dread object. My eyes fell on the outline of a thin white hand—a woman's hand that lay outside the quilt, and with a thrill of terror I started up, and there beside me I saw a corpse—a ghastly corpse, with wide open, staring eyes, and a hideous wound in the throat, from which slowly trickled, drop by drop, a stream of blood—the corpse of a young woman, with long, fair hair, and a face which in life must have been beautiful.

With one bound I was on my feet and rushing to the door, but a low moan from the bed caused me to turn again; it was empty—tenantless—the hideous form had vanished!

I staggered to a chair, for a moment half insensible with terror, and then rushed frantically to the fire, and strove to stir the dying embers to a flame.

I then examined the bed minutely, together with the wall beside and behind it, but I could discover nothing. Still, upon no human consideration would I have entered that grim bed again.

I worried through the night as I best could, and at eight o'clock I descended, and met my strange host in the old parlor, where he had supped the night before. At a glance he perceived my state, and with a disquieted, suspicious look, inquired into its cause.

"You have not slept well, I fear—overdone, I suppose, eh?" said he.

"I did not sleep much, I confess," I replied. "I was awakened—disturbed in fact," and I stopped, stammered, and finally managed to tell him what I had seen, but without permitting him to see, as I imagined, how deeply I was impressed with its reality, and how little I myself believed it to be a dream.

At the end, he roused himself, and breaking into a harsh, discordant laugh, cried: "By Jove, sir, you are a capital *raconteur!* You made my blood run chill!" and he laughed again; but I saw his hand tremble as he raised it to brush the damps of terror from his forehead.

After a few more remarks, he rose, and pleading business at a neighboring village, bade me adieu, begging me to remain at Goldmoat (for so the old house was called) till such time as I felt completely rested and inclined to return to the Grange.

I only waited till I saw him safely out of his own door, then calling the old groom, I ordered my horse to be brought round, anxious to leave the ill conditioned mansion as fast as possible.

A weary ride of forty miles I had before me, over wild moorlands and untrodden heaths; so after the first mad gallop was over, I rode soberly along, letting the horse choose his own pace and path.

As we passed a clump of trees and bushes that stood out alone in the midst of a wide track of moorland, our progress was brought to an untimely end.

A rifle ball whistled past my ear.

The horse startled, shied violently, put his feet into a hole, and fell heavily, I beneath him; and for several days I remembered no more.

When I came to myself I was at the Grange.

My first inquiry was for my horse. He was no more.

He and I had been discovered by a party of laborers returning across the moor, I insensible on the ground and the horse with a broken shoulder.

I was carried home, but the poor horse had to be shot; for him there was no hope of recovery.

What account could I give of myself? How had I come into such a position?

My tale was soon told.

Tom Courtenay looked grave.

"We must find out who fired that shot," said he.

But it was easier said than done, and it was years before I learnt who my hidden enemy had been.

It is unnecessary for me to enter into any details of my life after my accident.

Suffice it to say I recovered, was left a large estate a year or two afterwards in Australia by a distant relative, on condition of my adopting his name, and in two or three years I found myself at the head of an enormous sheep-farm at the antipodes, with Alice Courtenay as my wife.

One evening, being out in the bush on a visit to some very distant shepherds' huts, I descried a figure advancing towards my habitation—the figure of a man in rags, and, as he neared me, I saw half starving.

He told me a terrible tale of suffering and starvation, and after I had heard it I no longer wondered at his emaciated condition.

For two days he stayed in my hut, my guest, muttering and moaning wildly to himself.

"Betrayed! forgotten! Ah! she little, little knows me! Estelle, my love, false!"

And so he raved, from which I soon learned that a crime weighed heavily on his soul.

Next night as I was sitting beside him, half dozing, I heard his voice calling me in low, feeble tones.

"I am dying," he faltered; "but, ere I die, I wish to confess my guilt. I murdered her—Estelle, my wife—I murdered her! She betrayed me, or I believe she did—I believed she did then—but now all seems so different! She might have been innocent; but I murdered her—I remember the night so well—in the red room; the stain is on the curtain still!" And he paused, then continued more quietly: "I led a lonely, quiet life with Estelle, far from friends and neighbors; and, when I said she was ill, and unable to leave her room, the people believed me; and, when I said she was dead, no one raised a question. She was buried, and forgotten by all but me; but I have never forgotten her! I see her now as she lay with the red blood oozing from her white throat and her golden hair around her sweet face! She is always before my eyes! Ah! is there pardon for such a crime!"

"But this is not all," he continued, before I could speak. "I may have the blood of another human being on my soul for aught I know; indeed, I believe I am doubly a murderer. A youth sought refuge in my house, in Goldmoat, one wild winter's night. He slept in the room where, three years before, I had murdered Estelle; and in a dream, or vision of the night, he saw her lying lifeless on the bed beside him. I followed him from my house, and with a shot from my rifle laid him low; then returning but for a few hours to the most, left the land, and have never since set foot in my native country. Have I this youth's blood on my head, too, or did a merciful Providence spare him—and me?"

He was silent, apparently exhausted.

"Gilbert Fenwick," said I, at last, in a low tone.

He started, and opened his eyes in terror.

"Who calls?—who knows my name in this strange land?" said he.

"I—Stuart Hazledeane; you did not kill me, Gilbert Fenwick. I escaped from your hand, and live to tell you so," I replied.

"Heaven be praised!" said he, feebly, a light coming into his dim eyes. "Do you pardon me?"

"Pardon you? Yes!" I replied. "And may you find pardon in heaven. You have sinned deeply, fearfully; but you have suffered and repented, and may find mercy!"

He closed his eyes with a weary sigh. I felt the clasp of his hand relax in mine, and Gilbert Fenwick's soul had taken its flight to that bourne from whence no traveler returns.

TO UNMARRIED LADIES.—The following items of advice to ladies remaining in a state of single blessedness, are extracted from the manuscript of an old dowager: If you have blue eyes, languish. If black eyes, affect spirit. If you have pretty feet, wear short petticoats. If you are the least doubtful as to that point, wear them long. If you have good teeth, don't forget to laugh, now and then. If you have bad ones you must only simper. While you are young, sit with your face to the light. When you are a little advanced, sit with your back to the window. If you have a bad voice always speak in a low tone. If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice, never speak in a high tone. If you dance well, dance seldom. If you dance ill, never dance at all. If you sing well, make no puerile excuses. If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please. If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion, than offer a contradiction. It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles; what folly to make an enemy by frowns? When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart. When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance. If you are envious of another woman, never show it, but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those which she really possesses. If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man, treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom. If you are disposed to be pettish and insolent, it is better to exercise your ill humor on your dog or your cat or your servant, than your friend. If you would preserve beauty, rise early. If you would preserve esteem, be gentle. If you would obtain power, be condescending. If you would be happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

Mr. Thomas Barber, one of Allentown's most esteemed and enterprising citizens, died at his residence in that city Wednesday, the 13th, after a brief illness.

New Publications.

Nancy Cottem's Courtship, detailed with humorous sketches and adventures, is an every-day love story, of novel life, in the pastoral regions of Georgia, from the practised pen of Major Joseph Jones. Among the purely laughable stories that go to make up this volume of fun, are: What made the Baby Cry, or how the Chaverees couldn't go to Augusta; Beginning to Practice, or Cousin Pete's first case of Cholera; Flying Nelly; The Mysterious Box, being an account of the perils undergone by a "Steam Doctor" in manipulating an infernal machine; A Night in a Grave Yard; Into a Hornet's Nest; The Hoosier and the Hard-shell; and a Coon Hunt in a Fence Country. Nancy Cottem's Courtship is embellished with original full-page illustrations by Cary, is bound in paper cover, price fifty cents, and will be found for sale by all booksellers.

The Rougon-Macquart Family; or La Fortune des Rougon, by Emile Zola, author of L'Assommoir, and translated from the French by John Stirling, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city. No reader, however careless, can peruse unmoved in this work the pathetic story of Silvere and Miette, which is as absolutely tender and touching as anything known in modern fiction. Their innocent love and the terrible tragedy by which it is crowned, form a series of dramatic pictures, which the translator commends to his readers, with the conviction that they, on taking up the book, will not lay it down until finished, for no one can deny that Zola has painted his pictures in colors which can never fade. The Rougon-Macquart Family is published in a large square duodecimo volume, paper cover, price 75 cents, and for sale by all booksellers.

Major Jones' Courtship. Author's new enlarged edition. Detailed with humorous scenes, incidents and adventure, by Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia. It is simply the love story of a moral youth, told with such charming simplicity, and such astonishing naivete that we find it difficult to believe that the letters were written with any literary intent whatever. The humor is pure, fresh, exquisite, and never-failing. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, publishers.

MAGAZINES.

Potter's American Monthly for August is, as usual, a very good number. The list of contents embraces something of value for all classes of readers. First comes an article on The Home of John Sherman, finely illustrated. This is followed by a good story, entitled, A Philadelphia Lawyer. With Men and Books, Historical Mansions of the Old Dominion, America's Song Composers, Love, A Penniless Lass wi' a Long Pedigree, and other sketches and entertaining matter, including poems by A. R. Durrow, F. F. Elms, and others. The various departments are full of interesting items, and altogether the issue is excellent. J. E. Potter & Co., publishers.

Mr. W. B. Zieber has sent us the Edinburgh Review for July. The articles are all of the usual valuable character. Among them are Canon Stubbs' Constitutional History of England, The Worthies of Norwich, Brugsch's Egypt Under the Pharaohs, The Hatton Papers, Intemperance and the Licensing Laws, The Works of Rembrandt, The Scotts of Buccleugh, The Fallacies of Evolution, Rural England, and others on topics interesting to the scholar and student. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York.

The British Quarterly Review opens with a paper on the Evangelical Movement, its Parentage, Progress and Issue. The other contents are: The Feelings and the Intellect, or the Psychology of the Emotions; Reform in the University of Oxford; Irenæus, his Testimony to Early Conceptions of Christianity; The City Companies; The City of Glasgow Bank Failure and Trial; England and the Greek Question; Contemporary Literature, including History, Biography, Travels, Politics, Science, Arts, Belles Lettres, Poetry, Fiction, Theology, Philosophy, and Philology.

In Blackwood's Magazine we find an interesting account of the Zulu war, by one who was with Colonel Pearson at Ekowe. Part IV is begun of the serial Reta; a short story entitled The Ghost of Morcar's Tower; Hidden Treasures of the Torlonia Museum; a review of new books; Mandolinata, a poem by W. W. Story, the sculptor; The Afghan Peace and our New Frontier. All of these reviews are to be found on sale at W. B. Zieber's, of this city.

Harper's Magazine for September is superb in its artistic illustrations, the first paper, contributed by S. G. W. Benjamin, discussing Fifty Years of American Art, being especially profuse and exquisite, reproducing some of the prominent pictures of celebrated American artists, as follows: A Composition, by Church; Brook in the Woods, by Whittredge; Landscape Composition, by Hubbard; A Landscape, by Casilear; High Torn, Rockland Lake, by Cropsey; The Vasty Deep, by Richards; Sunset on the Hudson, by Gifford; The Parsonage, by Bellows; Landscape with Cattle, by Hart; Ship of the Ancient Mariner, by Hamilton; Lafayette in Prison, by Leutze; Portrait of a Lady, by Page; The Reinge, by Vedder, and a Cartoon Sketch of Christ and Nicodemus, by La Farge—a series of illustrations rarely found in a monthly. The next article in the contents is a paper on Newport Society in the Last Century, by Lizzie Champney, with a variety of charmingly quaint pictures. An interesting account is given by Ernest Ingersoll of Gold Mining in Georgia. The Last Revel in Printz Hall, is a quaint story with quaint illustrations, by the author of Howard Pyle. The King Collection of Engraved Gems is described by Barnet Phillips. A graphic sketch of the Navesink Highlands, with a variety of illustrations, is contributed by Miss F. E. Pyatt. Lucy Larcom has a poem entitled, My Mariner. Edward Bowland has a paper on An Industrial Society and its Work. How that Cup Slipped, is a short story, by Annie Frechette. The Last Rose of Summer, by William Gibson, and Summer from Spencer's Fairie Queen, are the other poems in the number. Black's Romance, White Wings, Young Mrs. Jardine, by Miss Mulock, and Mary Anneriy, by Blackmore, are each continued in several interesting chapters. The Editor's Departments are replete with their usual valuable miscellany.

We have parts V and VI of Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World, by John Russell Young; the illustrations are profuse and excellent, and the descriptions full of interest.

The Prince Imperial was not, according to Mayfair, in love with Princess Beatrice, but with a charming young lady named Smith.

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News Notes.

Sankey's voice is clearer and more musical than before his late visit to Europe.

Gymnastics are now regarded as a necessary part of education in the Italian schools.

Gentle widows in Polynesia are wont to wear their late husband's skulls as necklaces.

There is grave apprehension in England as to the potato, as well as the other crops, failing.

A pitiable old tramp was entertained at Battle Creek, Mich., by a negro woman he had once owned in the South.

A young Creek Indian who is being educated at the University of Wooster, O., took the first Latin prize, a gold medal, for best scholarship.

An officer in the Austrian army lately snatched a soldier's cravat off and knocked his eye out with the buckle, because he wore his collar too high.

Mrs. Mary Quantrell, of Frederick, Md., whose friends claim for her the distinction of being the original "Barbara Frietchie," died suddenly a few days ago.

Mme. Judic, who is said to be the most beautiful woman on the French stage, says that the English are very serious people, even when they go to see a comedy.

The present Queen of Italy is deeply interested in woman's education, and her constant attendance on lectures has made them fashionable, so that many educated and noble women have begun to attend the universities.

Mr Edward Carnahan, a student in the Miami Medical College of Cincinnati, enjoys the unenviable notoriety of wearing a pair of shoes made from human skin. He is said to be "a young gentleman of wealth and culture."

One of the latest applications of electricity to the purposes of navigation has produced a mariner's compass which enables the captain or officer in charge to hear, by means of the ringing of a bell, when the vessel is out of her proper course.

London Bridge is so narrow and the traffic on it so abundant, that $3 750 a year is needed for the pay of special policeman to keep annoyed pedestrians and drivers from avenging themselves upon one another. So Parliament proposes to widen it.

Dagmar, Czarevna of Russia, is greatly respected and esteemed for her fine qualities, and the quiet power for good which she exercises as widely as does her kind and wise sister, the Princess of Wales. She is the centre and mainspring of a remarkably happy family life.

During her six weeks stay in London Mlle. Sara Bernhardt received $750 from the Comedie Francaise, $5 000 by private performances, and $10 000 for her paintings, to say nothing of valuable presents. Hence the occasion of a leave of absence. She has a taking way with her.

Women's fashions in Paris are said to be in a state of chaos. Worth's new designs are marked by great simplicity; but of late Worth has been successfully rivalled by other men dressmakers, and some of these have gone to the other extreme, so that fashionable women hardly know what to wear.

An Irishman, a widower with two children, sued for breach of promise at Limerick, gave as an excuse for not keeping his promise that he couldn't marry without the consent of his father in law, the father of his former wife, and the obdurate old person would not yield. The jury mulcted him $250.

King Alfonso, of Spain, is engaged in procuring subscriptions for a church which he proposes to erect in the memory of his late consort himself donating $50 000 for that purpose. It is said in official circles that his marriage with the Austrian Archduchess Christine will take place the coming autumn.

Some of the victims of the Glasgow bank swindle pine and die, and the papers occasionally refer to those who have gone to an untimely grave. R. Caldwell, of Inverness, was a year ago worth $250 000. His thirty shares in the bank made him penniless at 70 years of age, and he was lately found dead in his bed.

Dr. Slade, well known in New York spiritual circles and London court rooms, has gone to Germany, and there convinced Dr. Ulrici and the distinguished astronomer, Zollner, of the existence of ghosts. Prof. Wundt, the psychologist, has written an ironical pamphlet, in which he denies the report of his conversion by Slade.

The bell nuisance has become a mammoth evil in Belgium. The convents in many of the smaller towns have acquired the habit of ringing their bells at unseemly hours of the night. The inhabitants of the towns have risen in concerted rebellion against the noise, and in some cases the authorities have passed restraining ordinances.

A Russian veterinary surgeon reports that a cow, twelve years old, of Algava breed, belonging to a Russian nobleman, never showed signs of hearing, nor bellowed. Seeing the other cattle bellow, she tried to imitate them by stretching her neck, and opening her mouth, but she could not produce any sound. The sense of vision of this cow was found to be unusually well developed.

The King of Siam has sent a wedding present to the Duchess of Connaught, which consists of a consecrated shell set in gold, two massive golden bowls for jewelry, and a golden pedestal with two branches. The whole is enclosed in an elegant chest covered with orange-colored velvet. The objects are of genuine Siamese work, and display great taste in design and skill in execution.

Suffer on, Groan on, Sicken on, Die on, if you will not use Hop Bitters and be cured.

Irne Bean, a teacher in the public schools of Cedar Falls, Iowa, is devoting her vacation to securing a homestead of 160 acres in Dakota. She has a brother who has just established his claim to a homestead by the necessary residence. Now his sister takes 160 acres adjoining, and he will move his house to it, where they can occupy the homestead, and in due time will have a large farm.

A young elephant was recently brought into the Court of Exchequer, in London. He was accused of frightening a horse, and thereby damaging a young lady contained in the carriage attached thereto, but his mild and playful behavior in court, where he amused himself by picking hats off the table, convinced everybody that he did not mean to do it, and the case was compromised.

Languor, Its Cause and Remedy.

The cause of languor, when it is not the immediate or indirect consequence of positive disease, is traceable to a debilitating temperature. Persons living in a warm, moist climate are peculiarly subject to it. Diminished physical vigor and an indisposition to active exertion are its characteristics. Sometimes it is accompanied by undue relaxation of the bowels, and by dyspeptic or bilious symptoms. A reliable remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a strengthening and alterative medicine derived from the purest and most efficacious vegetable sources, with a pure spirituous basis, pronounced by eminent physicians a mild and wholesome stimulant. The Bitters, foremost of American tonics, is largely used in the tropics, where the climate is very productive of debility, malarial fevers and disorders of the bowels, liver and digestive organs.

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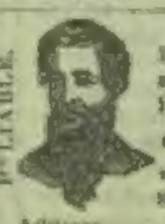
RELIABLE.  Address,

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FASHION NOTES.

EARLY FALL SHAPES AND NOVELTIES.

THERE are two new models already visible for the early fall. One is a wide rim, with high and flat crown and no curtain. It is slightly curved in front, though so expanded and lined with gathers. It is all ivory satin antique, but the lining is corded silk of the same shade. The trimmings are ostrich plumes, two curling forward and one over the crown, while the strings, both wide and long, are crossed over the nape of the neck and tied in large bows to the left of the chin. As a rule the strings will be brought forward from the back, and they are placed low behind, but shot drapery, laid in close folds and made of every description of shot materials, is the new trimming. The new brownish red, which Louis XVI. was the first to call flea, and is properly called canaque, is much made up with garnet and ruby. There are canaque roses. The great novelty in beads, of which everything in millinery is covered, are the lophophore, mixed with bronze spangles. A handsome round crown is encrusted with a design in spangles close to another in lophophore; the rim is a Marie Stuart. A beautiful pamela is ornamented on the top with a chaplet of large shot bows, closely tied together, and on the side spreads a large Malacca dove, which is preferred this year for the changeful hues of its plumage. I have also seen the new pompon rose. It is black, and made of feathers with gilt contours; it is shaped like a rose bending on the stock, and will appear in all shades. A favorite shade will be scarabee.

The shapes for the opera and their trimmings are more dressy than formerly. This is due to the variety of open shapes, that are necessarily filled with a variety of pale flowers, with lace and plume. A tiny lophophore cord is used for the inside of rims. It is sewed at intervals on to the gathered or flat linings, which are now as much a matter of debate as outside trimming. A curious felt is the pink clover. There are close shapes also, but they are the distinguished minority, and trimmed with beautiful bead-work. The ideas this coming season are mostly inspired by Brittany and the fashions worn in that province from 1790 to 1795. The new shades are all bright; there is red antique and amaranthe, dark peony red, and purple red, and all the reds make up with brown and ruby, with garnet and the giroflee colors. The time has come when the prejudice against red has at length ceased to exist. For years this color was considered vulgar; but culture teaches that, like black and white, it is solemn and neutral. Red submits to variation according to the position it holds, to the effect of light and to contrast. It has different harmonies in different combinations, or rather it has different values; it is conspicuous or it is sobered down, and never fails to break monotony.

We have, too, various blues—Japan blue and blue after a shower; Italian ware blue, and sketch blue, a kind of faint gray with a bluish tint. It is beautiful with white for evening attire. Persian colors are in great vogue. They are delightfully soft, and yet distinctly yellow, red, brick purple and blue, but blended in one surface for casaquins, loose mantle cloaks and ornamented parts of dress.

Feathers are, to a certain extent, to supersede flowers for next winter. The monotony of ostrich plumes is to be broken by the addition of fantasies of every description. The most exquisite arrangements of the tropical plumage and rare birds, either entire or in part, mounted more or less flat—the placing of a creature in its natural pose on a bonnet or hat being a problem of some difficulty, and seldom proving becoming to the wearer. These, however, will be reserved for "best" bonnets, as they are mostly very expensive, and the common imitations thereof, composed of the trophies of the Eastern farmyard, are very far indeed from taking their place. So, where ornamentations of a more moderate price are desired, there is little doubt but that fancy flowers will be used, made of satin and chenille, velvet or plush, or "natural artificial" blossoms mixed with "unnatural" foliage, the long amazone feather or the plume of ostrich-tips remaining their usual accompaniment; for the size of the chapeau has unquestionably increased, and therefore much trimming will be required. It is pretty certain that large bonnets will be the favorites for autumn and winter. People are getting gradually accustomed to them here, and are beginning to see the charm of a pretty face hemmed in by a spreading brim, and to be less attracted by the exhibition of hair than formerly. Still, it is likewise equally certain that all women will not adopt this sort of headgear, that the capote will be maintained for morning wear by many, and its decoration consist, for most part, of draperies of some handsome material. Black bonnets for town, and variegated straw for the seaside are so trimmed now.

Never was the beauty of silken fabrics carried to so great an extent. There is a soft richness about the satins, a depth of tone in the velvet, and a variety of hue in the fancy tissues that has never yet been equalled. It is obvious that not only has every nerve been strained to produce new effects, but the method of manufacture has been carried to the greatest perfection, and the very best raw materials made use of. The list of fabrics suitable for autumn and winter millinery is much too long to enumerate, as it includes almost every species of silken tissues. Besides the usual plain velvets, satins and gros-grain, both satin and gros-grain shot with two colors, as well as shot taffetas, shot terry and velvet with silken threads of white or pale yellow in the pile, that give it a speckled effect, printed foulard with cashmere and other Oriental patterns upon it are to be used both for draperies and linings, the lighter sort of silks being preferred to velvet and other brocades. A very brilliant brocatelle with bright colored patterns arranged in stripes and outlined with tambour stitch in gold threads, is among the novelties. For immediate use on country and seaside hats there are gauzes striped with many colors, mostly dark, relieved by one or two light shades and various figured gauzes, one of the prettiest specimens having a terry-like pattern in neutral tint on a pompadour-striped ground. The ribbons follow the lead of the stuffs, and are soft and rich. Some of the newest are striped with satin on a shot silk ground. They are wider than formerly, from three to four inches at least. When very wide strings are desired, piece silk hemmed over in a roll is preferred to ribbon. Double satin strings with a frill of lace at the end will also be used, as well as satin folded into three folds and tacked down.

The great object sought for by the milliners in their creations for autumn and winter, is to get as many hues and tints together as possible, and combine of them a harmonious whole. The many shades of the feather fantasies are matched in the draperies and ribbons. Draperies of various materials seem likely to be much more favored than ribbons for the outside decoration of the chapeaux. By using plain and shot fabrics for the drapery and striped ribbons, four or five tints can be happily amalgamated. Such a profusion of ornament being used, the bonnet itself sinks into insignificance. The crown may be entirely covered with silken veils, coils or flutes, and the rich plumage of a tropical bird, while the brim is gathered velvet or silk, or else the brim may disappear under an excess of decoration and the crown be deftly covered in one piece with rich satin. This refers, of course, to handsome dress bonnets; for ordinary wear, felt will resume its supremacy as soon as straw hats become unseasonable. It is fully expected that felt and beaver hats will be much worn, the Gainsborough especially, carefully bent and moulded to suit the face. The velvet cap or toque is to be another favorite style of headdress. In the meantime only those milliners who supply the foreign markets have as yet done much toward their preparations for the winter; the others are still busy editing novelties for the country and seaside. One of the favorite simple hats for the present season is in variegated straw, with shelving brim shading the eyes, and tied close down at the side; the trimming, gauze striped with the several colors of the straw, brown, dark blue, and maize or crimson, pale blue, black and yellow; or else satin ribbon of three or four colors folded together into a wide Alsace bow in front, and carried plain around the crown. If a fantasie or bird be added, the hat becomes quite elegant. Hats of a large size in coarse white straw, ruched with lace and decorated with Mentone wreaths or grasses, or field flowers, and black straw hats trimmed with masses of beautiful roses, are still all the fashion, while the latest eccentric novelty is a Japanese hat covered with little silken bells, applicable for the seaside only. Dress bonnets for early autumn have their straw brims furnished with smooth satin-covered crowns. Those in Tuscan and maize satin are the prettiest, the trimmings being ostrich plumes to match, and perhaps a rose or two, with strings of point d'esprit net. Bonnets of a more simple type are plainly trimmed with wide strips of reps of gros-grain draped round the crown, bowed in front and forming the strings, the bonnet itself being either black or variegated straw, and the silk of some dark shade, particularly crimson or the new purple plum color. Printed foulard answers the same purpose.

More than ever, a bouquet of flowers is worn either at the waist or on the bust. They are worn even in the street.

I must now tell you of a mantle that has made its appearance. It is a kind of douillette, such as was worn when paniers were worn for the first time, and is called Maintenon. It is made of black silk, and fits tightly into the back; whilst the front is very much longer than the back, and falls looser, almost to the feet. It is also something like a mantle worn four or five years ago. The sleeves are quite round. It is not at all ungraceful, and its shape allows it to be worn with paniers. I may say it was for paniers that it was invented. It is trimmed with Marabout fringes, or ruches *a la vieille*.

Parasols of Turkey red (fashionably called Adrianople red), with cashmere borders, are still in great favor. When they jar with nothing in the toilette, they give it an air of brightness.

Pocket-handkerchiefs are now made to match the costume. A small square of fine white batiste is edged with a band of the principal color in the costume. The same is done with fans, but the latter is a rather more troublesome process. There are pretty fans now sold of Pompadour Indienne, covered to the stick with the small blossoms that characterize the Pompadour styles.

Surplice pleatings are the fashionable adornments both for woolens and silk, and for costumes. Walking dresses are growing shorter. Box pleating, kilting and bias bands of the material used for adorning sleeves and bodice are their usual make. Colored casaquins are the novelty still. Japanese buttons are richly carved and enamelled.

The fashion of wearing basques of a material different from that of the skirt, is to be generally adopted this winter, in which case the revenue of the dressmakers will be materially decreased. In the meantime will somebody endeavor to persuade the women who wear polonaises of diaphonous material over dark skirts, to have the waist-lining of the same color as the skirts?

A very novel idea, and one which may be easily copied by ladies who have taste, is to have a parasol covered with flowers. These are only meant to accompany jardiniere dresses. A very light frame is used, covered with silk or some light material; on this very fine French leaves of any description are sewn, and whenever the parasol is used flowers to match the costume are set on in a garland, as a fringe or in tiny bunches. Natural flowers should be used if it is possible.

Teardrop rings, consisting of bangles with small pear-shaped pendants, are now worn in Paris. One forces as many of these rings as possible on a single finger, and it is understood that each tear is the gift of a friend.

Fireside Chat.

SALEABLE WORK.

THE rage for crewel work may be said to be fairly exhausted at present. The multiplication of poor designs, *ad infinitum*, by means of mechanical stamping processes, and the employment of analine dyes for crewel wool, have been the means of vulgarizing it. Not before, however, an important reformation had been brought about in our opinions and ideas of fancy needlework. We now know that really valuable and good work consists in proper designs and suitable colors; and also that it is possible to individualize the labor of the needle, and paint such artistic pictures with it as shall be valuable from a pecuniary point of view. In these utilitarian days there are few ladies who do not sell their work, either for their own or for charitable purposes; and once establish the fact that nothing but good work and good designs will sell, and there is no chance for the merely mediocre or the careless worker. Few people like to exhibit bad or untidy crewel work in their drawing-rooms, even when obtained by gift.

At present the demand is for outline-work in shades of blue crewel, in silk, or ingrain cotton, and, though the fashion is not new, it bids fair to continue. Figures in outline also are saleable, and the washstand-backs, tea-cloths, and sideboard cloths with designs of nursery rhymes upon them, provided that they are original or eccentric, continue to find a sale. Chairbacks on linen are quite amongst the relics of the past, except for the design, which is sometimes new enough to make them sell. Black satin seems to be the favorite material on which to work them. Painted chairbacks appeared in great numbers at a recent exhibition, and seemed to sell pretty well. Painted d'oyleys for dessert on white muslin edged with Valenciennes lace were very nice, and sold well.

Prepared work of all kinds in crewel seem always in fair demand, as there are such numbers of people who will never trace for themselves. It should always be kept at a moderate price to ensure a sale, for ladies are tempted into small purchases sooner than into large ones. There is generally a great scarcity of really well-prepared work at all the work societies. This seems to arise in a great measure from the dread which is felt by lady-workers of having their designs copied. It seems probable that there would be a fair sale for ready-outlined counterpanes and curtains on linen if they were simple designs, and could be sold at a moderate price. The same may be said of the toilet covers as well as washstand backs. One reason of the present unpopularity of crewel work on linen arises no doubt from the fact that few have succeeded in washing it satisfactorily; and in selling prepared work it would probably add to its value if the fact of the crewels having been scalded were notified on the ticket with the price.

Aprons.—The quickest way of converting a large spotted handkerchief, with a broad colored border, into a very pretty apron, is simply to turn up one end to the depth of six or seven inches, stitch it up both sides and down the centre, to form pockets, put it into a band, and the apron is made. These handkerchiefs are generally from twenty-two to twenty-four inches square, which is a good size for a little morning apron for housekeeping and gardening purposes, as well as for tennis. They wash perfectly, and look bright and pretty over white morning dresses. A second one, of the same color and pattern, looks well to tie round the throat for the garden. May I add that three-cornered half handkerchiefs and ties, of the Watteau prints, are becoming fashionable also. They are generally edged with lace, and the ties are drawn together at the end, just above the fall of lace, so that they have the appearance of a tassel. They are made of pretty prints, sometimes the same as the costume, and of plain or flowered tussore silk or satin, very soft.

Turkish Art Needlework.—I have seen descriptions of almost every kind of work in THE POST, but I have never read of some, by no means difficult cloth applique, if I may so call it, of a specimen of which I have by me in a pair of curtains which came from Constantinople. The groundwork is a plain dark blue cloth; the border on either side consists of two rows of narrow white satin ribbon four inches apart, between which is a zigzag of red satin ribbon of the same width, viz., quarter inch, and six inches from point to point. There are two rows of this both at the lower and upper edge of the curtains, and above this a row of diamonds seven inches deep formed of the white ribbon; and in the centre of each a circle of yellow cloth, the size of a shilling, sewn in the middle like a button. Similar circles, irregularly dotted about, fill in the space up to the chief design, in the centre, which I imagine represents a basket of plants in conventional outline. The basket or foundation is a strip of red cloth twenty-two inches long, and four deep, outlined with white satin ribbon, and covered with a latticework of the same. From this spring reed-like leaves, outlined in red and white ribbons, with the yellow circles in the centre of the three middle ones, and pear-shaped pieces of red cloth most roughly tacked on between at the top. Above this again is a foundation for more flowers, but this is merely denoted by white ribbon, with slanting lines across. The stems of the flowers are only one line of ribbon, but the flowers themselves are more ambitious. A trumpet shaped blossom is formed in red cloth, outlined with white ribbon, and five pinked-out leaves of cream cloth, one on the other, from the top. These pinked-out pieces of cloth, in red or cream, are used for other flowers, while the centre bloom is a huge pineapple—it is more like that than anything else—made in red cloth, with a latticework over it of white ribbon, and loops of ribbon forming leaves radiating from it all on sides. I fear this description will not at all convey to you what a pretty quaint pair of portieres I possess; but I find they are universally admired, and I am quite sure that they might be most easily reproduced and improved upon. The work is of the very roughest description.—EMBROIDERESS.

Answers to Inquirers.

S. H. A., (Buck Horn, Mo.)—We have no knowledge whatever of the particulars concerning which you enquire.

CONSTANT, (Osborne, Kansas)—Mary, Queen of Scotland, and Mary of England, were two distinct personages.

R. R. O., (Taylor, Iowa)—We believe that German yeast is simply yeast strained and compressed. We do not know from what it is made, but any fermentable substance would do it.

G. O., (Houston, Tenn.)—It is sometimes thought rude to chatter about the ages of living persons; but perhaps there is no harm in saying that the age of the personage inquired about is forty-three.

OPTIMATES, (Markland, Md.)—Write to the advertiser about whom you inquire. He is in every way reliable. We know nothing of the other parties, and it might be better to have no further dealings with them.

REBECCA, (Brown, Wis.)—The following is an excellent recipe for improving the growth of the hair: ¼ oz. bitter apples, soaked in half a pint of rum for two days, strain, and apply daily to the roots of the hair.

J. C. W., (Catawba, O.)—We have at present no means of ascertaining where the gentleman is. There is or was a Congressman of that name from your State. Write to one of the Washington papers, enclosing stamp or postal for reply.

FLORENCE, (West Philadelphia, Pa.)—The pastime referred to should be only lightly esteemed. It cannot be very well explained in print, but as it is a very common accomplishment you will have no difficulty in finding some acquaintance who will show you the way.

MYSTIC, (Damascus, Oreg.)—New Orleans is called the Crescent city because the Mississippi, in front of it, bends in a semi-circle and gives a crescent shape to the town when viewed from the water. Boston is called the Tri-Montane City, because it is built on three hills.

AMERICUS, (Wolfville, Md.)—We have examined several works of reference, but find no allusion to the officer you mention as having taken any prominent part in the Revolution. Send us the connection in which you saw the name referred to, and we may be able to satisfy you.

BROWNIE, (Cass, Mo.)—We have so often given a recipe for this purpose that you ought to be familiar with it. Take half a drachm of muriate of ammonia, two drachms of lavender water, and half a pint of distilled water. Mix these and apply the mixture with a sponge two or three times a day.

DOLLIE, (South Bend, Ind.)—You might present him with a book or books, a porte-monnaie, slippers, box of handkerchiefs or gloves. The degree of intimacy between you should govern the nature and value of the article chosen. 2. They will vary in value according to quality from a dollar or two, upwards.

CLARA, (Somerset, Md.)—You have been too hasty and angry in your proceedings, which you now bitterly regret. The act of returning your portrait, open and uncovered, was unmanly and insulting, still they can be no true lovers whom such trifles separate. You should endeavor to control the impetuosity of your disposition.

NECKLACE, (Wayne, Pa.)—It does not follow, because you are the person most nearly affected by the marriage you may contract, that while you are a minor, living beneath the roof of your parents, you have a right to form a secret engagement, accept presents secretly, and make meetings with a young gentleman clandestinely. You have no such right.

DRILLER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The corozo nut, commonly known as vegetable ivory, is the fruit of a species of palm indigenous to Central America, and one of the most beautiful and manageable materials which the button-makers are called upon to manipulate. It is easily turned in the lathes, and not the least of its valuable properties is its capacity for absorbing dyes.

S. W. P., (Early, Ga.)—The initials on the coin stand for—Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ Rex: Fidei Defensor; Brunsvicie et Luneburgi Dux; Sacri Romani Imperii Archidux, Toparchus et Elector, "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland; Defender of the Faith; Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg; Archduke, Toparch, and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire."

STATISTIC, (Wetzel, W. Va.)—The deaths from small-pox in London in the twenty years previous to the promulgation of vaccination, were 30 189, but in the next twenty years only 21,480. In the same period in the small-pox hospital, the numbers were 1 867 and 811. The frequency of small-pox after vaccination seems to render it necessary to repeat the vaccination in seven or ten years.

E. M. C., (Middlesex, Mass.)—The corner of the card being turned down signifies that it was left in person by the one whose name it bears. When the card is sent by mail or delivered by a messenger, as is often the case, the corner is left untouched. Formerly, we believe, it was the rule in some circles for each particular turned down corner to bear a certain signification, such as grief, congratulation, etc., but the custom is now obsolete.

HENRY L. M., (Baltimore, Md.)—You will find the following a good recipe for ginger beer:—1 lb loaf sugar, 1 oz. bruised ginger, ½ oz. cream of tartar, the rind and juice of a lemon, a gallon and a half of water, and a table spoonful of brewers' yeast. Put the ingredients into a pan, pour over them the boiling water; let them stand until about milk warm, then put in the yeast, stir well, and keep it warm by covering over for about twelve hours. Skim off the yeast and bottle the ginger beer, leaving the sediment at the bottom. Tie down the corks, and the ginger beer will be fit to use in a few days.

DEMAGERN, (Mifflin, Pa.)—Your friend has misinformed you. The modern clock, as an accurate measure of time, dates only from the middle of the seventeenth century, when the pendulum was introduced as a regulator by Galileo and Huygens. In early ages any device for measuring time was called Horologium, or hour-teller (English horologe), whether it was a sun-dial, sand glass, or clock. Until the fourteenth century the word clock (from the German, Glocke, a bell) was applied only to the bell which rang the hour determined by the horologe, whatever particular instrument was used as a horologe. The most ancient instrument for ascertaining the time of day was probably the sun-dial, though clepsydra, or water-vessels, for measuring intervals or periods of time, were doubtless of contemporary use.

N. E. N., (Norwalk, Conn.)—If your friend is a fluent speaker of English he should be able, even with the limited time at his command, to gain a sufficient reading and writing knowledge of the language in twelve months to make future progress an easy task. He can hardly get rid of his accent now, on account of age, but as you say it is very slight, it will be no obstacle to future advancement. He may need a teacher for the elementary studies, and it might be better to retain his assistance throughout. It is possible however, to make excellent progress at self-instruction, and for this purpose a good grammar, dictionary and a series of reading books, are all that is required. Inquiry at almost any book-store will enable these to be procured. After he has acquired the language sufficiently to read it fluently, he should take up history, science, politics, the better class of novels, several good papers, and generally what is considered as sound instructive reading. As he went on he would himself perceive his needs and be able to make the most useful and advantageous selections. We think, under the circumstances, that the party, if he has earnestness and industry, can succeed in obtaining not only a good but a liberal education.

MARTHA, (Delta, Mich.)—Think more of the responsibility of marriage and less of the person for whom you have conceived a preference, but who has not explicitly declared himself towards you. Girls are too apt to mistake a warm friendly feeling for love; that is one reason why young men are so diffident about forming female friendships, thus denying themselves one of the most poetical of pleasures. Their dread is of being entangled in engagements—probably not without reason, for girls are prone to construe polite attentions as the expressions of serious sentiment. It is one of the grievances of our social system that a man cannot form a female friendship without his motives being highly colored; and the rougher sex is quite as bad as the other in this respect. Thus men are scared away from the winning fascination of woman's gentle nature, and then they must either marry, or only associate with the few ladies of their immediate circle. We are sternly opposed to levity in women; but we do say a young man and young woman can talk rationally to each other, ride or walk out together, without being in love with each other, or ever dreaming of such a state. But the world thinks and says otherwise; and therefore young men hold themselves aloof, and loveless young women are restricted to the dull round of association with their own sex.